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Chapter 1: Defying death

A/N: Alrighty welcome to Fury Rider, it won the vote and I'm just gonna introduce y'all to chapter 1. So just a heads up, this story is going to be very dark, very gritty and will have some very disturbing scenes. Hiccup has witnessed Toothless being killed by Astrid and for his betrayal? Hiccup is imprisoned and then set for execution the following morning. Pairing isn't Hiccstrid because Hiccup wants to kill Astrid for killing Toothless along with other grievances, so the pairings in this story are going to be HiccupXGunhild(OC) who will be one of the Danish queens, but she starts off as a princess but will eventually become queen and is Hiccup's exact age, and Hiccup finds three Danish kings and two other queens and unites all their forces into one army to become the Black Danes, their combined armies will attack Paris first, just so Hiccup can prove himself as an excellent strategist, warrior and tactician to the other Danes before starting a civil war with Berk. Hope y'all are ready for this, here we go!

(Hiccup's pov)

I wanted scream to the top of my lungs, but my throat was already too raw from all the shouting and screaming earlier today. I wanted to drown in my own tears, but it seemed my tear ducks were out of tears to produce.

Turning to the bars of my cell, I get up and could see the people of Berk in the streets hoisting horns of mead high and cries of celebration filled the air. Hearing music and cries of celebration in *her* name made me sick to my stomach and drove my anger to a boiling point. Those... animals dare celebrate the death of an innocent creature?! The only living being I ever truly cared about in Midgard?!! They dare celebrate the death... no, the murder of my

best friend?!!

I close my eyes as I remember the events that led to this very moment.

(Earlier that afternoon— The Cove)

"Ready to get out of here bud?" I asked my best friend and dragon, who's the infamous Night Fury. Toothless turns to me and pressed his head into my chest and purrs.

::I am my friend. I'm ready when you are::

"Good, then let's get going." I say, just before I could climb on Toothless though, my dragons pupils turn to skits and he snarls out toward the entrance of the Cove. "T-Toothless? What if it?" I ask, my dragon turned to me and growled out.

::We must leave now!::

Before I could ask Toothless what was wrong, Vikings under the Hairy Hooligan banner curst out of the bushes above the Cove and slid down armed to the teeth. Toothless roared in outrage at the sight of our attacks and he beckoned me to climb on his back, I raced to my friends side and climbed on, just as we took to the sky though, several bolas wrapped themselves around Toothless and we crashed back down the Cove, hurling me off my dragon and roll around the dirt and grass violently.

Groaning in pain, I try getting back to my feet, only to feel rough hands grasp my arms, I turn to my left and right to see my fathers personal body guard as the ones who've taken hold of me, I try desperately to fight them off, but it is useless.

Turning back to Toothless, my dragons sheer and raw strength snaps the bolas off his body and turns to fighting off those who wish to attack him. I then see my father jump down the Cove, accompanied by Spitelout Jorgenson, Egil Hofferson, Mooselegs Ingerman and Boarnut Thorston.

The four men charged my dragon, causing my fear to skyrocket, but as Spitelout leaped in the air ready to strike my dragon down? Toothless tail whipped my uncle across the face and sent him flying into a nearby boulder.

Mooselegs, Egil and Boarnut circled Toothless slowly; trying to figure out how to bring down the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself. Mooselgs decided to charge, but Toothless fired a plasma blast right at Mooselegs, the elder Ingerman raised his shield, but the force of the plasma bolt ripped the shield apart and sent the bulky Viking flying several feet away. Egil then tackled Toothless and held him down by the neck, while Boarnut twirled around his spear and was ready to strike.

"Fight Toothless!! FIGHT!!" I cried out, but one of my fathers bodyguards kneed me in the gut and the other one punched me across the face and told me to shut my traitorous mouth. I suppose my cries of pain unleashed something inside of Toothless, because he then wrapped his tail tightly around Egil's throat and threw him at Boarnut, causing the two blond haired Viking men to collide into each other.

Toothless's eyes were thin slits, his teeth were bared and he let an ear piercing roar as all the Hooligan warriors present actually trembled in fear at the sight of such raw fury. The only Viking present that didn't flinch was my father— Stoick the Vast. His demeanor was firm, fearless and determined. He swung his war hammer and raised his shield up, whilst Toothless crouched low on all fours and hissed at my father; warning him not to test him even further.

"Come devil. Meet your end." Stoick boomed out while he banged his war hammer against his shield, deciding to oblige my fathers challenge, Toothless fired a plasma bolt right at my fathers war hammer, successfully disarming him, my faithful dragon fired a second plasma blast right at my fathers shield, blowing it to bits. When there was nothing for my father to defend himself with, Toothless pounced and pinned my father by the throat and gave was about to go for the kill, until...

THAWK!!!

A disgusting crunch filled the air as Toothless's eyes then rolled in the back of his head and he fell dead right on top of my father. My vision

blurred with tears and I let out a sorrowful cry while thrashing violently, but my fathers guards held me in place.

Looking at the back of Toothless's head, I could see a battle axe embedded there. Not just any battle axe, the battle axe of Egil's only daughter— Astrid Hofferson. I could see the girl standing a few feet away from Toothless with her body in the position that told me that she was the one who let her axe fly and in the act? She killed the only living being I ever truly cared about in Midgard.

Stoick pushed Toothless's dead corpse off his body and got to his feet before turning to me with a murderous, disgusted and disbelieving look. "Get this traitor out of my sight." Stoick said to his guards, they nodded and one of them drew their sword and bashed the butt of the weapon against the back of my head and my vision began to darken. Before I was cast into darkness, I took one last look at the only creature who accepted me for being me; I didn't have to be someone I wasn't to earn Toothless's friendship, and now these... animals have robbed me of my best friend. I then let out an agonizing moan and murmur out while reaching for my now dead friend.

"T-Too-Toothless."

(Present day)

"Skol! To Astrid Hofferson! Slayer of the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself!!"

"SKOL!!!

Hearing those animals raising horns of mead in her name made me let out an enraged roar as I began punching the stone wall while letting tears pour down my cheeks. When my knuckles were bloodies and nearly devoid of all its skin? I rested my forehead against my cells wall and wept bitterly. I was no stranger to suffering, I was actually quite intimate with it. Because... a *hiccup* is meant to be put to death. Let to die in the woods or thrown off the cliffs. But my mother, spared my life and convinced my father to see that one day I'll be the greatest Viking to have ever lived and

that the whole world would know and fear me.

How the gods can be cruel.

My mother was taken by dragons shortly after she had convinced my father to spare my life and since then? My father and my people have treated me lower than a slave. I've suffered physical, verbal and... sexual abuse.

I received sexual abuse from my primary bully— Snotlout Jorgenson, who is also my cousin. He, Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston, along with handfuls of other teens have partaken in my physical and verbal abuse, but Snotlout and Tuffnut? They raped me on my birthday last month.

(Nine day of the month Āprel)

My birthday was like any other day of the year— miserable, painful and lonely.

I pretty much spent the whole day working in the forge with Gobber, the man had been out traveling in search of the Boneknapper so I was in charge of running the smithy while the tribes best blacksmith was gone.

By days end? Work left me exhausted and all I wanted was a warm bath and go to sleep. Unfortunately I was in for quite a... disturbing surprise.

There was a knock on the door and I wondered who would be here this late at night, it could be anyone. I got up from bed and went downstairs to answer the door. I saw Snotlout and Tuffnut, and I immediately tensed at the sight of my tormentors.

"Hey! Hiccup, my favorite cousin!" Snotlout greeted with an all to happy demeanor which creeped me out.

"I'm your... only cousin actually. But... hey?" I replied slowly with little sarcasm.

"Word around the village is today is your birthday but no one has seen

you to wish you one. Me and the other teens wanted to throw a party for you." Tuffnut said to me with a joyous grin.

"Y–you did? Are you... both feeling okay or did the village come down with a case of the eel pox?..." I asked in completely disbelief. I wasn't liking this, not one bit.

"Nah we're fine, so... think you can sneak out and meet us in the forest by the rock that looks like a crescent moon in an hour?" Snotlout asked me.

"Uh... yeah I guess so." I replied.

"Great! See you then cuz!" Snotlout said excitedly as he and Tuffnut then walked away, I closed the door and returned to my room. Were they being serious? Throwing me a party? What could it hurt to go after all. It was my birthday and my father probably wouldn't even bother to check on me, telling me goodnight was basically being told to go to bed. When my father came home drunk again from hanging with his friends at the Great Hall, he would pass out in his chair until morning.

An hour passed when I left the house, my father wasn't home yet and it was early evening. I rushed out towards the forest and to the spot I was told to meet them, when I arrived though, I didn't see anything resembling a party. Just darkness except for the moon overhead. I figured they might of been running late, so I sat down to wait. It was fifteen minutes before he heard footsteps coming towards him, "There you guys are..." Hiccup smiled but it quickly faded when the only two he saw were Snotlout and Tuffnut grinned ear to ear.

"Sorry Hiccup, the others had to cancel because they couldn't sneak out but hey we brought some things with us to have fun. But you gotta close your eyes so we can set up." Tuffnut told me.

"O–Oh alright then..." I said as he closed my eyes. He heard shuffling, things being placed down, then I felt my wrist be grabbed a little hard. "Little tight guys..." I mentioned, then I felt a rope wrap around my wrists and tied tightly. Something was wrong, my eyes snapped open to see my wrists bound together.

"You weren't supposed to open your eyes, Hiccup... now the surprise is

ruined." Snotlout chuckled, I didn't like this at all. I saw candles lighting the area dimly, ropes tied to trees and I was in between them. Before I could say anything, I felt Snotlout unbind my hands but take the two ropes from the trees and my arms were forced out and taut enough so I couldn't break out.

"Okay... this is fun and all but can we maybe untie me?" I asked nervously.

"Oh no...we can't do that because you'll run when we give you your present..." Tuffnut snickered, I instantly felt himself getting worried about this. A hand belonging to Snotlout gripped a fistful of my hair making me yelp a bit and Tuffnut tied a piece of cloth around my mouth. "There, now he won't scream..." Tuffnut said, my eyes widened. What was this, what were they doing!?

*(**A/N: Warning Hiccup is going to be raped here. You've been warned!**)*

Snotlout moved behind me and put his hands on my hips, I tried to get away but couldn't. "Stop!" I yelled in fear though it came out muffled and the two teens ignored my words. Tuffnut's hand slammed inside my pants and stroked my cock, I tried to jerk away but Snotlout was behind holding me still and reaching around to untie the strings holding up my pants, once loosened they dropped to the ground around my ankles. Snotlout grinned as he stroked over my round ass cheeks before running a finger between them. I closed my eyes tightly, pleading over and over again for it to stop.

Tuffnut got on his knees and began sucking my cock at the same time, Snotlout slammed a finger in to my rear making me yell out in pain. There had been no lubrication, oil, water, no anything just pain. "Bend him forward... he shouldn't be having all the fun. It's a party after all." Tuffnut said. Snotlout punched me with his free hand forcing me forward, Tuffnut removed his pants and erect length at my mouth, he pulled the cloth away. "Suck it... and if you bite me... Snotlout will add a second finger..." Tuffnut ordered.

I wanted to fight back but I thought maybe if I just did what they wanted then it would be over so much to his hate when Tuffnut pushed his cock against my lips, I parted them feeling the hardened appendage enter my mouth. Tuffnut gripped my head and forced my mouth back and forth, Tuffnut groaned out in sick-sadistic pleasure, obviously enjoying this. I felt tears pricking my eyes but refusing to let them fall.

This continued for fifteen minutes and somewhere in that, Snotlout added a second finger in my ass making me wince but couldn't even grit my teeth because Tuffnut was still there, in my mouth. Snotlout used his free hand to stroke my cock which seemed to be hard on reflex, but I hated it. Hated all this. I didn't want this! I just wanted it to be over, and I just wanted to fall to the forest floor and cry.

"Man he has a great mouth, you gotta try this Snotlout..." Tuffnut grinned.

"Oh I will..." Snotlout pulled his fingers out of my ass, at first I was relieved, then something else pressed against it. I tried to plead him not to do it but it was muffled still and then it came, searing pain ripped through me. Snotlout had pushed his cock in to my ass hard and instantly began to thrust. "So tight Hiccup, better enjoy it. This is the only time someone will have sex with you..." Snotlout grunted.

Twenty minutes later, both Tuffnut and Snotlout were about to finish and I only knew that because the boys had said they were. Tuffnut came first in my mouth, causing me to choke a little. Tuffnut moved back to my cock and began to stroke him hard and fast. "Lets make you cum, little Hiccy... come on...Won't be fun if we're the only ones..." Tuffnut said. Oh gods I hated it, they were raping me and I was tied up like a doll, defenseless and weak. Tuffnut had put the cloth back so I couldn't scream out for help, not that anyone would.

I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to cum but my body wouldn't listen to me and it reacted. I came hard and fast, at the same time Snotlout had cum in my ass. Snotlout pulled out but it didn't stop there, Snotlout moved to my mouth, while Tuffnut behind and it started all over again. My disgust skyrocketed and bile rose to my throat, I couldn't help but cry as the two boys just kept violating me; raping me for close to four hours. When they were done they cut my ropes and watched me collapse from exhaustion, crying, throwing up all over the grass and whimpering.

(**A/N: End of rape scene**)

For added measure, both Snotlout and Tuffnut beat the shit out of me so I wouldn't move or run right away. "This was fun, we should do it again soon. If you tell anyone... we'll do it again. But no one will believe you, everyone hates you. You're worthless, useless... you should just die, Hiccup." Tuffnut told him.

"Oh and happy birthday..." Snotlout snickered as the two of them vanished in to the darkness while still laughing. I laid there motionless for a while before I found the strength to pick up my body and walk away. I didn't bother returning to the village, Snotlout and Tuffnut were right. No one would believe me, everyone did hate me. I should die and if I had to die tonight from being raped, sodomized, beaten up, torn from no lubrication when entered... if I had to die from it all?

I wanted to die in peace.

(Present day)

My anger reached a whole new level at the memory of how Snotlout and Tuffnut raped me. How *easily* it was for them to take away my virginity and strip me of what little innocence I had left. I had wanted to die that night after they had violated me like that, I... I wanted to be reunited with my mother in death.

But it seems the gods have other plans in store for me.

Instead I am to die as a traitor to my people. I scoff at the word people, the Hairy Hooligans of Berk aren't my people. They never have been and they never will be.

Looking down on the stone cold ground, I see a puddle of water and I gaze in my reflection, my eyes were bloodshot, cheeks are tear stained, I had snot pouring down my nose and my knuckles were bloodied and missing its skin. I wipe my running nose with the

sleeve of my tunic and look back outside through the bars of my cell.

The Hairy Hooligans continuing to eat, drink and being merry all the while singing praises to Astrid Hofferson. The girl herself hoisted a horn of ale high in the air and was back up against a boy my age. His name was Sihtric Odinson, he was lean in muscle, broad shoulders and had the physic of what every Viking boy should have. He had dirty blond hair which was slicked back and had a giant man bun on tied on the back of his head, he had green eyes and he was the second best warrior of our generation.

I could see Astrid lean back into Sihtric and began grinding on his groin, while he placed his hands on her curvy hips and moved along with her grinding. The sight made me sick and I averted my eyes and instead gazed at my messy face in the puddle of water on the ground of my cell, staring at it like it was the most fascinating thing in Midgard.

Astrid was my dream girl, even as children I loved her with all my heart. We actually were friends as children, but when her Uncle Fearless Finn was killed by the Flightmare? She abandoned me entirely and devoted her life to becoming the finest shield maiden this realm had ever seen. Her love interest is Sihtric Odinson, he's the son of Eyvind and Thora Odinson who are great warriors among the Hooligan people.

So, Astrid and Sihtric have been a thing for quite some time now and they've been... intimate as well. One night, I passed one of Berks barns and could hear the two of them having sex hidden from prying eyes some months ago and the things Astrid said about me when Sihtric asked for her opinion about... "Berks Useless heir" shattered my heart into a million pieces.

(Months ago)

I had in my hands a bundle of flowers in my hands and was looking for Astrid. Finally having the nerve to talk to her and confess my feelings for her, I had been planning on what I would say as I took deep reassuring

breaths.

As the Hofferson household came into view, I passed a neat barn and could hear... moaning? I stopped dead in my tracks as I heard the slapping of skin and grunts, bated breath and heated kissing. I approached the barn and peaked through the cracks of it and my I felt a knife plunge into my gut and my eyes widened in shock and disbelief at the sight of Astrid Hofferson and Sihtric Odinson both naked, sleeked in sweat and kissing passionately while having sex on the barn floor beneath a pile of their clothes.

Sihtric was below while Astrid was on top riding the boy beneath her, Sihtric's hands were on her curvy hips and then traveled up to grope her breasts, her hands closed around his as she threw her head back in pleasure with her eyes closed.

Before I could walk away and process what I've seen, I heard Sihtric chuckle out. "Have you noticed... Stoick's pathetic son... oh gods!" He cried out in pleasure as Astrid then began to bounce on his cock, when he managed to catch his breath, he continued chuckling. "Have you noticed him... trying to win your heart?" I then heard Astrid chuckle too before she replied back. "I have... not that I'll ever fall for a weakling like him. He's a weak, pathetic and useless heir. Oh gods Sihtric! I'm-I'm gonna cum!!"

I had seen and heard enough.

Astrid hates me just like the rest of Berk. I could feel tears streaming down my cheeks and I drop the flowers I had planned on giving her and I run away as fast as my legs could carry me. When I reached the forest? I let out a heart breaking cry and bury my face into the grass and whimper out. "N-No. Not you too. W-What did I ever... do to you?" I then continued crying and wished Odin would just strike me down and end my suffering.

(Present day)

I squeeze my eyes shut as I finally feel another tear slide down my

already tear stained cheeks. Shaking my head, I quickly wipe away my tear and growl at myself. "Why shed your tears for someone who hates you?" Pursing my lips together, I gaze up at the ceiling of my cell and wish that these... people, these savages ever regret hurting me with your words, their fists and their cocks.

"I now pledge myself to you, Vídarr, god of vengeance. Fill me with your righteous fury, hatred and power, so that I may avenge myself an the life of the only thing I ever cared about-- my faithful dragon and friend Toothless, the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself." I say while closing my eyes, I then slide down the wall of my cell until I'm seated on the stone cold ground. "You, the Allfather and all the gods in the Aesir have witnessed my suffering! The ridicule I've suffered? It has only made me stronger."

Opening my eyes once more, I continue to swear upon the god of vengeance. "And so, I swear upon all that is holy and just, I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III will see to it that my revenge will be satisfied! I shall build myself up and ensure that the whole world will know and *fear* my name! I swear!" Panting heavily, I then close my eyes and let sleep overcome me, when dawn arrives the following day? I shall free myself of this hell that I once called home.

(The following morning)

"UP!!"

I was pulled out of sleeps embrace and dragged out of my cell by my fathers personal bodyguards, the captain of the guard led the way while two others dragged me out of the jails. Once outside? I squinted my eyes and turned away from the suns blinding light, before allowing my eyes to readjust to the light shining down upon me.

As I was being dragged to the arena for execution, all of Berks people were hurling insults at me, spitting on me and throwing heaps of garbage and stones my way. I grunted and groaned in pain every time a stone made contact with my body, but I didn't fight

back. Instead, I played the part of prisoner and wouldn't give these people the satisfaction of seeing me lash out at them.

"Flay the skin off his scrawny bones!!"

"Blood eagle this disgrace of a boy!!"

"He's an even bigger disappointment than I thought!!"

"Useless Hiccup Haddock couldn't make friends with actual people that he had to stoop so low as to befriend our greatest enemy!"

Every insult and word they threw my way made my blood burn brighter than the sun itself! I took a deep breath and let them have their way, because now that I have made my sacred oath of vengeance? I will not rest until that oath is kept.

Finally, arriving to the arena, the rest of the village was already waiting for me, upon seeing me, everyone booed, mocked me and threw insults my way. The rest of my fathers guards pushed back those who wanted to personally tear me apart for committing such a crime, but I showed no fear, in fact, there was no fear within me at all. Because I knew I wasn't going to die here, not when I had made my oath to the god of vengeance.

The guards kicked my knee, which forced me to my knees and I looked around the whole ring to see the enraged faces of the people, jamming their fingers at me while continuing to insult and curse my very name, others made slashing motions with their necks while giving me murderous grins; trying to strike fear in my heart.

But their fear tactics failed.

I then looked up to see my now ex-father Stoick the Vast seated on his throne, with Gobber and Gothi by his side, as well as the whole Hooligan council. Stoick then rose to his feet and held his bulky arms out, effectively silencing the raging crowds, the Hooligan chieftain then glared down at me and spoke. "People of Berk! We are gathered here to proceed with the execution of the greatest traitor of our people. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III!" The crowds cried let out cries of gratitude at the prospect of seeing my blood

soaking Midgard, but my face stood firm and held no signs of fear whatsoever.

"Have you any last words before we send you to Hel traitor?" Stoick asked me, all eyes turned to me, awaiting my answer. I turned to those my age, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, Sihtric and Astrid. All of them have wronged me in some way and one day I would make them all pay for what they did to me. I glared at Astrid before turning back to my pathetic excuse of a father and spat out.

"None for you old man."

Stoick huffed in anger before looking towards my executioner and nodded, the executioner presented his axe and stood behind me. When the blade of the axe pressed against my neck, I inhaled sharply and waited to strike, playing along for now, I close my eyes and act like I'm ready to die. When I felt the blade of the axe leave my neck and could hear the executioner inhale sharply, I sprang into action.

I ducked under my executioners axe strike, causing the people to cry out in surprise, I swept the executioners legs out from under him and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Stoick's enraged voice filled the air as he ordered his body guards to seize me, but I managed to outrun them, but several of the people slipped through the bars of the arena and tried to keep me from escaping my execution, I when they laid hand on me? I kicked them in the groins and their kneecaps, successfully getting them off of me.

As I continued to run, I reached the end of a cliff and looked down at the waters below, seeing the waves crashing down on sharp rocks down below. Inhaling sharply and swallowing down my fear, I look behind me to see Stoick and his guards were within feet away from me, I then close my eyes and leave my fate in the hands of the gods.

And I jump off the cliff.

Felling the wind whipping me across my entire body, I can't help but wonder if I truly will die this day. If the force of the fall will cause me to black out and I will drown or if the rocks will be my executioner.

Either way? I now leave my fate in the hands of the gods. And if I live? My journey of vengeance begins.

A/N: So beyond this point? Hiccup will be recovered by a pack of Night Fury's who happen to be Toothless's siblings. They take the former Hooligan heir to their nest and their alpha—the Hydra. They then travel to Helheim's Gate and slay the Red Death, and gather all the dragons there and add to their own ranks. Then things intensify that I won't spoil yet, so be sure y'all stay tuned.

Chapter 2: Recovered

(Stoick's pov)

Racing to the edge of the cliff, I looked down to see the traitors body vanish beneath the waves below, my personal guard all caught up to me and looked down as well, all murmuring there was no way Hiccup survived that fall. Sigurd, the captain of my bodyguards spoke up. "What shall we do chief?" Turning to my captain, I scoffed at his question. "Nothing." Taking one final look back down the cliff, I murmur out. "May you suffer a traitors fate in Hel. Useless Hiccup, who I was ashamed to call you son."

Turning back around, I could see the whole village had caught up to us and were questioning Hiccup's fate, I waved there concerns aside and boomed out. "My people! Useless Hiccup has met his end to the rocks below! The traitor took the cowards way out." The whole village began letting out a chorus of cold laughter; mocking Hiccup for the last time.

"Good riddance traitorous scum!"

"Dragon lover!!"

"This calls for celebration!!"

Everyone barked in agreement at the prospect of celebrating Hiccup's suicide, they turned to me for the final word. A large grin broke out across my face and I extended my arms out. "AYE!!! To the Great Hall!! Brings horns of ale and let us feast!! To the death of Hiccup the Useless, greatest traitor of our world!!"

"AYE!!!"

With that said, everyone marched to the Great Hall while praising the gods that we were finally rid of Hiccup's existence, as did I. The only reason that boy was spared in the first place was because of

my love, Valka. If she were still of this world? We could've produced a better heir than that... disgrace that I once called son.

But I wouldn't let such thoughts sour my mood. Because we were going to celebrate a traitors death and the dawn of a new era on Berk.

An era without Hiccup the Useless.

(Three days later-- Hiccup's pov)

The first thing I felt when I began to wake from what felt like the Odinsleep was a sharp pain on the back of my head. Reaching behind my head, I winced in pain at a large welt there, no doubt caused by the force of my fall. My vision was blurry and my throat was dry, so standing up on wobbly feet, I groan as I nearly fall flat on my face but grasp a nearby wall of stone to keep myself from falling down.

"Where in Thor's name am I?" I murmur to myself, but just as I could take another step, I lay eyes on a massive creature, it was big, spiky, its eyes burned like magma and its maw glowed with crimson. I let out a fearful yelp as I tumbled back at the sight before me.

It was another Night Fury.

But this was one was two times larger than Toothless, its body was covered in scars, its nubs and tendrils were sharper and longer, there was large scar running down the Night Fury's right eye and it cocked its head at me. Before I could react, a deep male voice forced its way into my mind.

::Where is my brother? His scent is all over you::

Brother?

The Night Fury took a step closer to me and bared his teeth at me, causing me to wince in fear as this large Night Fury growled out.

::You have my brothers scent clinging to your bones human. Which tells me either two things-- that you killed him or... that you bonded with

him. Speak the truth and tell me where my brother is!::

D-Did he mean... Toothless?

"Y-Your bother?" I asked out, licking my lips and calming my racing nerves, I cock my head and slowly ask. "Does... your brother have green eyes?" Referring to Toothless's eye color, that was the only way I'd truly know if this Night Fury was my best friends brother. The Night Fury before me nodded in confirmation, so, I took a deep breath and breathed out. "I'm... Toothless is dead. Murdered. Though not by me!" I said quickly while holding my hands out at the pure rage that etched across this dragons face.

::If you did not kill my brother, than who did?::

The large Night Fury snarled out, my own face twisted with rage as I spat out her name. "Astrid Hofferson of the Hairy Hooligan tribe." Slowly getting back to my feet, I continue. "Me and your brother had bonded lot long ago and... we became the best of friends. Brothers of different species." I said while closing my eyes; relishing every memory I had with the only living being I truly cared about in Midgard.

::How did he die?::

Turning back to the large Night Fury, I could see his anger had subsided somewhat as he stared into my very soul, I licked my lips and answered. "He took a battle axe to the back of the head." I growled out, my best friends brothers nostrils flared up and I could see smoke steaming out of his nostrils as he then let out an ear piercing roar and he fired crimson plasma blast at a nearby wall; sending rocks and dust flying everywhere.

Coughing and waving away the dust, I could see Toothless's brothers face then twisted with sorrow, grief and... failure. He let out an agonizing moan as he buried his face into his large forepaws and whimper out.

::By the moon goddess, forgive me brother. I protected you and our siblings for years after fleeing the old mans wrath and his pet killers, only to lose you at the hands of a Viking animal::

Before I could speak, I gasped at the sight of five more Night Furies approaching, two more males by the look and definitely three females. They all had their own unique eye color, from teal, dark blue, violet, dark yellow and moss green. Toothless's older brother turned back to me and his voice entered my mind once more.

::If our brother trusted you enough to bond with him? Then you are welcomed among us human::

I smiled lightly at the larger Night Fury and bowed my head in thanks, before raising my head back up and asking him. "Do you... have a name?" The larger Night Fury sat on his hind legs and he *towered* over me, yet his anger had subsided and was replaced with a friendly face.

::I am called Blaze. When I am consumed by rage? It blazes hotter than the sun gods wrath::

Blaze then turned to his siblings and introduced them to me. *::The one you see with teal eyes? her name is Aqua and the one with violet eyes? Her name is Lavender. And finally, the one with dark blue eyes? Her name is Azure::* Blaze then turned to the other two male Night Furies and introduced them to me. *::The one with moss green eyes? His name is Ragejaw. And the one with dark yellow eyes? His name is Craven. And you've already met and bonded with our final brother, who is now dead::*

Standing back on my feet, I look around the chamber I'm in and ask. "Where are we exactly?" Instead of Blaze's deep voice, a low, clam and soothing female voice entered my mind and answered my question.

::We are inside the nest of the great Hydra::

Cocking my head to the side, I repeat. "Hydra?" The Night Fury's nodded at me and Blaze urged me to follow him and his siblings as they moved down the massive chambers that we were dwelling in. As we walked, I could hear dragon roars all around us, so, deciding to confirm a suspicion of mine, I ask out. "Is this... Hydra's nest in Heleheim's Gate?" The Night Fury called Ragejaw nudged my arm gently and he shook his head before answering.

::No. The great Hydra dwells within a great nest that lies South of Helheim's Gate and we are within the depths of a great mountain that not only holds our great Hydra, but the tens of thousands of dragons who all live freely and equally beneath our alpha's rule::

Absorbing this information, I hum in acknowledgment and begin thinking to myself, what if the dragons who live at Helheim's Gate have an alpha too? What does this alpha look like? How do the dragons live under that alpha's rule? Deciding to ask another question, I speak whats on my mind. "And... how long have I been out?" The Night Fury called Lavender answered my question with a soft and gently coo.

::You've been out for three moons. You're fortunate that we found you drifting at sea, wou could've become a feast for the fish of the deep::

I rub the welt on the back of my head due to the impact of my fall and I groan as the pain is still present, I nod at Lavender's words and speak out. "I left my fate and the hands of the gods. And it is clear that they have persevered my life." Looking at Blaze, I continue to speak. "I made an oath, that I will not rest until Toothless is avenged and that the one who killed your brother will suffer greatly, as will those who have mistreated me."

Blaze stopped as a pack of Gronckles flew across from us and then Monstrous Nightmare's were scurrying above us with mouthfuls of large fish. When we were clear to continue moving, Blaze turned his head and barked out at me.

::When we recovered you. You reeked of... male seed. Are you...?::

Quickly cutting Blaze's assumption off, I reassure him. "I am absolutely not attracted to the opposite sex if thats what you wish to know. I was... raped by my cousin and his lackey." I spat out with disgust at the memory of how Snotlout and Tuffnut took such pleasure in taking away what innocence I had left and stripping me of my virginity.

The Night Fury's around me gave disgusted looks at the word rape and they gave me pitiful looks, though I nodded to them in thanks, I didn't want pity. No, I wanted to make Snotlout and Tuffnut suffer.

I wanted everyone on Berk to suffer for what they did to me. Especially *"Fearless"* Astrid Hofferosn. She robbed me of my best friend and she robbed these dragons of their sibling.

::I never received your name human::

Blaze's words caused me to return to reality and I gave them my name. "I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. Former heir of the Hairy Hooligans of Berk." I spat out, causing the Night Fury's to look at me, already answering their unasked questions, I spoke. "Those... cowards, those rapists and murders of dragons have all wronged me in some way. My own father among them." I huffed and puffed in rage as memories of the Hooligans laughter towards me being humiliated came crashing down on me like a tidal wave as I continued speaking. "They thought me to be weak and they judged and mistreated me because I wasn't Viking enough for them."

Letting out a dark chuckle, I clenched my hands into fists and snarled out. "I will make myself stronger, I will find ways to become the most famous man of Norway and perhaps even Midgard and eclipse those pathetic people in every way possible." A dark smirk spread across my face as I then asked Blaze. "So, does your great Hydra have any... enemies?" Turning his head around, Blaze answered my question.

::Our great Hydra has only one species of dragon as its mortal nemesis. A Stoker Class dragon that some of our fellow dragon brethren call... Red Death. This Red Death is the alpha who sleeps in Helheim's Gate and is the cause of the dragons raids here in Norway::

My smirk only grew at Blaze's words. This was definitely a start of becoming more famous than any man in our world has become. Yes, Berk has attempted raiding Helheim's Gate many times in the past, and every time they failed miserably. But, having the Hydra itself battle its mortal enemy and having Blaze and his siblings aid in defeating the monster of Helheim's Gate?

That would make a worthy tale indeed.

Formulating a plan in my mind, I could see all the Night Fury's

cocking their heads at me; obviously wanting to know what I was thinking. So, I look into Blaze's magma like eyes and speak.

"Blaze. I wish to have a talk with the great Hydra."

Chapter 3: Meeting the Hydra

(Normal pov)

Blaze and the five there Night Fury's led Hiccup to the Hydra's chamber of the nest, and it was massive to say the least. A dark pit that glowed a deep burning magma like color, there were stalagmites that hung from the ceiling above that dripped an abundance of water, and there we swarms of dragons that settled with the alpha's section of the nest, which were only the Hydra's most elite and deadliest within its swarm.

When the Night Fury's and Hiccup reached the edge of the entrance of the Hydra's chambers, all six Fury's bowed their heads and Blaze boomed out.

::Oh great Hydra, hear us, it is I, Blaze. We have brought a human that has bonded with our now deceased brother. He wishes to break words with you::

Hiccup looked down the pit to see movement and then he gasped as three enormous serpent like heads emerged from the smoke down below. The Hydra's heads were heavily armored, their razor sharp teeth were the width of ships, their eyes were a dark orangish-red and they had long gray spines coming out of their heads and traveled down their body and disappearing in the smoke.

The sight of the three serpent like heads caused Hiccup to bow down; a gesture of respect and submission. Following the humans example, those who dwelled within the Hydra's chamber bowed their heads to their alpha, Hiccup then heard a powerful, deep and thunderous voice inside his mind.

::WHAT IS IT, THAT YOU WISH TO SPEAK HUMAN?::

Hiccup looked up to face the Hydra's three heads and answered its question. "Great Hydra. I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. My life among humans has been a hell that I've been forced to suffer for

fifteen long years. Three moons ago, I was to be executed for befriending my faithful dragon— Toothless, who is the brother of Blaze and his siblings. Toothless was murdered by a Viking girl who is destined to become a shield maiden, and I have sworn to my gods that she will suffer, as will all of those who have harmed me." The auburn haired teenager took a step closer and continued to speak to the massive Hydra. "I wish to speak of ending your mortal nemesis — Red Death."

The Hydra's face twisted with rage at the mentioning of the tyrannical Queen of Dragons, one of the heads of the great alpha moved towards Hiccup until it was within inches of Hiccup's frame.

::AND TELL US, HICCUP HADDOCK III, HOW DO YOU PLAN ON SLAYING THE RED DEATH?::

Hiccup gazed into the Hydra's eyes and responded boldly and with confidence. "From what Blaze has already told me, the Red Death forces her nest to serve her, if they fail to bring her back a great tribute of food, then those dragons are eaten themselves. Dragons deserve to live freely, not live in fear by a lazy dragon who is unfit of the title Queen of Dragons!" All around, the dragons all growled and roared in agreement at Hiccup's words, but the Hydra let out a thunderous hiss, and every dragon fell silent.

Turning back to the small human, the Hydra nodded one of its heads; urging Hiccup to continue speaking. "You great Hydra are the one who most invoke the challenge of stripping the Red Death of its power over the dragons of Helheim's Gate and return them here to us." One of the Hydra heads cocked while the other two looked at each other and then returned their attention back to Hiccup. "Should the Red Death fight unfairly and with dishonor? Then have me ride Blaze and bring the other Fury's with you. I know how to ride a dragon, but more importantly? I know how to bond with one. If we succeed? Then you will have two nests worth of dragons at your command. You will not only receive gratitude and praise for ending the Red Death's reign of terror, but you will have loyalty from those who lived in fear under the mad queens rule."

Hiccup extended his arms out and continued. "I look around this

chamber and could see the loyalty your dragons give you! That is because you rule over them with love, kindness, fairness and respect. The Red Death is a parasite that deserves to be eradicated." Speaking all he wanted for the time being, Hiccup held his breath as the Hydra heads seemed to be communicating amongst themselves; discussing whether to follow Hiccup's plan or to continue to stand by and watch more dragons suffer at an unworthy alpha. After a solid minute, the Hydra turns back to Hiccup and hisses out.

::WHAT ELSE IS IT THAT YOU WANT HICCUP HADDOCK? WE CAN SENSE THE HONESTY AND TRUTH IN YOUR WORDS, HOWEVER...:: The Hydra's head came even closer to Hiccup and the boy held his breath as he felt a gust of warm breath wash over his whole body. *::... WE CAN SENSE THAT YOUR LUST OF REVENGE INVOLVES NOT ONLY EVERY DRAGON WITHIN THIS NEST, BUT EVEN TO NESTS HERE AND BEYOND::*

Hiccup bowed his head at the Hydra and revealed his intentions. "Yes great alpha, I wish not only to grow a massive army of dragons, but of man as well." Before the Hydra could scoff at this very idea, Hiccup continued. "The Vikings of Norway, Sweden and Denmark have been plagued by the dragon raids orchestrated by the Red Death. We kill the Red Death? We then present its head to the those who I believe will become vital allies, and we can conquer worlds and empires!!"

From the depths of the pit, three more heads emerged from the smoke, causing Hiccup to gasp in shock at the sight, but the three other heads then lowered themselves to Hiccup and bared their teeth at the vengeful boy.

::YOUR PATH CAN ONLY LEAD TO DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HICCUP HADDOCK. IF YOU CLAIM TO BE A FRIEND OF DRAGONS, WHY WOULD WANT TO PUT OUR SPECIES KIND IN DANGER TO SLAKE YOUR THRIST FOR VENGEANCE?::

Licking his lips, Hiccup sighed heavily before looking into the eyes of the other three Hydra heads. "There is only one thing Vikings respect more than legends and glory. And that's strength. I swear upon the Aesir and all that is holy in Asgard that should you choose

to go along with my plan? Both our species will thrive and I will ensure the Viking I choose to recruit among us will treat you all with respect, compassion and equality. I swear to you, great Hydra." Hiccup bowed his head and kneeled while awaiting the alpha's answer.

Blaze and the other Fury's had been listening to the exchange of words the whole time and they were already on board with Hiccup's plan. Not only to avenge their brothers murder, but to go beyond Norway and see what else is out there in the world. But first they needed their alpha's approval before they such dreams could become a reality. Together, all six Hydra heads gazed down on Hiccup and they let out a gentle yet powerful purr.

::VERY WELL HICCUP HADDOCK. WE, THE HYDRA, YOU, AS WELL AS BLAZE AND HIS SIBLINGS WILL ACCOMPANY US TO HELHEIM'S GATE AND SLAY THE RED DEATH AND END HER TYRANNICAL REIGN. AND IN THE ACT? WE SHALL TAKE THE FIRST STEPS OF YOUR QUEST OF VENGENCE::

Hiccup looked up at the Hydra's six serpent like heads and smiled at them before thanking them. "You have my gratitude great one. And I swear to you, you won't regret this decision." The Hydra let out a hum before letting out a mighty roar that echoed throughout the entire nest; letting the swarm know that war against the Red Death has officially begun and that they must ready themselves for the future conflicts on the horizon. Blaze then roared out to the Hydra and bowed his head before asking his alpha.

::When do we leave, great one?::

The Hydra gazed down at Hiccup before urging the human to climb on Blaze's back, the human obeyed the alpha's silent command and climbed on top of Blaze's back. Turning to the six Night Fury's the Hydra answered Blaze's question.

::NOW::

A/N: Next chapter is gonna be like some Godzilla like stuff!

Red Death vs Hydra? Whew! The next chapter is gonna be crazy is all I'm gonna say. Be sure to stay tuned for the next update and I'll catch y'all later.

Chapter 4: Battle of titans

(Hiccup's pov)

I had thought the Hydra's heads alone were massive, but its body? Odin's breath, the dragons body was the size of a mountain. It was bulky, strong, and not only had Monstrous Nightmare like wings, but it had massive forepaws and eagle like talons to subdue larger prey and challengers and its hind legs held a massive talon to puncture opponents in vital areas of their body.

The Hydra made it clear to me and the Night Fury's to only engage should the Red Death play dirty, which I had a strong feeling it would; absolute power corrupts absolutely. This is a dragon who has ruled through terror and fear for *three centuries.* I never believed dragons to be evil, but the way the Hydra speaks of the Red Death? He speaks of her as if she's a devil taking dragon form.

We had been flying for at least three hours now and finally we approached a wall of fog, officially entering the Red Death's kingdom. Taking a deep breath, I steel my racing nerves for the battle that would ensue between dragon alphas. Upon entering the cloud of fog, we follow the hisses of dragons no doubt directly ahead of us, I looked down to see many Hooligan ships that were destroyed and human remains scattered across the rocks and destroyed ships.

The sight only brought a smile to my face, because when I have built an empire of dragon and man? I will ensure Berk is nothing more than a faded memory and every one of its people shall feel my wrath.

But not today.

Today is about slaying the Red Death and freeing her swarm from her mad rule and introducing them to the Hydra's fair and just rule. Finally, exiting the cloud of fog, I lay eyes on a massive volcano like mountain, and I could hear thousands of dragons hissing and

growling within. Patting Blaze gently on the neck, I coo reassurance in his ears and to his siblings as I could see their faces twist with anxiousness. Finally, when the Hydra landed on the beach of Helheim's Gate, the great dragon let out a series of challenging roars to draw out the Red Death.

::RED DEATH!! I AM THE HYDRA!! DESTROY ONE HEAD? TWO MORE SHALL TAKE THEIR PLACE!! YOU ARE UNFIT TO RULE YOUR SWARM!! I CHALLENGE YOU FOR CONTROL OF YOUR SWARM!!::

The moment the Hydra boomed his challenge? Another roar filled the air, only this roar was full of hatred and outrage. Suddenly, the mountain began to crack apart and a large head came into view, taking a closer look, I could fully see the head of the Red Death. Her head had long frill like spines which almost resembled a crown of some kind, at least in my eyes. She had six eyes total, razor sharp width long teeth and a there was curve to her snout, similar to a sharks dorsal fin.

Continuing to smash down the rock wall, the rest of the Red Death's body came into view and her size was the stuff of stories, like the Hydra itself. The Red Death had long spines going down its back, it had a massive club like tail that was covered in sharp spikes, her forepaws were massive but didn't have talons to grasp her challengers, and her wings were folded behind her back, no doubt she hasn't used them in hundreds of years due to her laziness. Once the Red Death was outside of her throne? She let out a thunderous roar and snarled at the Hydra before her.

::I AM THE RED DEATH, QUEEN OF DRAGONS!! IF YOU WISH TO CHALLENGE ME FOR MY SWARM? THEN LET US FIGHT, OLD FOE!!::

The Red Death then rose to her hind legs and her maw built up with methane gas, she then ignited the gas and let loose a tidal wave of hell like flames down on the Hydra. Thankfully, the Hydra wrapped his massive wings around his body to protect himself from the wave of flame, when the Red Death ceased her attack, three of the Hydra's long serpent like heads lashed out and sank their sharp teeth into the Red Death's throat, causing the Queen of Dragons to

let out a blood curdling roar.

Seizing the opportunity, the Hydra then used his other three heads to sink their teeth into the Red Death's belly and forced her down to the ground. I watched in awe as the Hydra thrashed violently; further sinking his teeth into the Red Death's vulnerable body parts, blood began seeping down her mangled belly and throat at an alarming rate. But the Red Death certainly would not go down without a fight, she then used a club like tail to smash down on the Hydra's back, causing our great alpha to release the Red Death and to back off while roaring out in agony.

Shaking off their wounds, the two massive dragons slowly circled each other, the six heads of the Hydra hissed at the Red Death, while the massive Stoker queen slammed her club tail on the beach three times; each titan challenging and taunting each other through body language and actions.

The Hydra let loose his own fire, which was also resembled a Monstrous Nightmare's fire, the fire burned the Red Death alive, causing the unworthy Queen of Dragons to roar out in agony and do nothing but take the searing fire that began to cook her alive. When the Hydra ceased his fire, he then charged and took to the sky by grasped the Red Death's neck by his talons; seizing her by the throat and then threw her into a nearby sea stack, causing the unworthy alpha to roll around violently on the beach and to crash into nearby destroyed Hooligan ships.

Rising back to her feet, I could see the damage the destroyed ships left behind on her face; the sharp wood slicing her thick skin and even embedded itself into one of her eyes. Roaring in outrage, the Red Death slammed her club tail violently on the beach and charged the Hydra, successfully bulldozing our great alpha, once on the ground, the Red Death let loose another wave of fire down on our alpha, causing the Hydra to roar in agony at the intense heat consuming him.

Having enough of firing the Hydra, the Red Death than sank her teeth into one of the Hydra's heads and shook violently, but the other heads then slithered around the Red Death's neck and attempted to constrict the tyrannical queen of air. The sight was

most gruesome, as the Red Death successfully ripped off one of the Hydra's heads clean off with its powerful jaws; causing a fountain of blood to spray out of the Hydra's now lost head and causing the five remaining heads to lose their constrictive force around Red Death's neck.

Around me, the other Night Fury's roared out in encouragement to the Hydra; urging him to fight and that if he loses? Red Death will go to his kingdom and force all the dragons who dwell there to submit to her cruel reign.

That seemed to send a rush of adrenaline through the Hydra, as it let out an ear deafening roar and used the five remaining heads it had to bite down on Red Death's back and ripped out some of her spines, causing the mad dragon queen to let out agonizing roars and she backed off. Catching their breaths, both titans were huffing and puffing heavily while the Hydra had two of its heads to breath fire down on the stump where his sixth head used to be, the five headed alpha let out a growl of pain as its fire closed the wound and successfully stopped the bleeding.

::YOU CANNOT WIN THIS BATTLE HYDRA!!::

Red Death boasted out arrogantly while slamming her club tail down on the beach with thunderous force. When the Hydra had finished sealing his wound, he then snarled at the mad dragon queen and roared back.

::I HAVEN'T LOST THE BATTLE YET!! YOU WILL DIE THIS DAY AND YOUR MAD RULE SHALL END THIS DAY!::

The Hydra then lifted up its tail and produced large razor sharp spines and then fired them off at the Red Death, each spine pierced thick scales, muscle and bone and the mad queen let out agonizing roars. But before she could react, our Hydra took the advantage and once more seized Red Death by the throat and then rammed her hulking body into the mountain which she burst out of. Continuing to smash her into the mountain, three of the five heads lashed out and began ripping Red Death's already mangled throat open and the other two heads looked down upon the dying queen.

::N-NO!! Y-YOU... CANNOT KILL... ME!!!::

The Red Death gurgled out, she then prepared to fire another wave of fire, but using his talon like forepaws, the Hydra grasped Red Death's jaw and broke it; a disgusting crunch filled the air, along with agonizing roars. As methane gas continued to cloud inside the Queen of Dragons maw, the Hydra seized his opponent by the throat and then used his other two heads to breath his own fire down her throat, and as a result? The gas ignited itself and her insides began to rupture. About thirty seconds later, the Red Death's stomach burst open with blood, guts and gore and the Hydra forever silenced her screams by ripping her head clean off her body.

Releasing the Red Death's corpse, the body fell unto the beach and soaked the black sand with its blood, once releasing her head, the Hydra sunk his talons into the now fallen Queen of Dragons body and let out a thunderous roar.

::DRAGONS OF HELHEIM'S GATE, HEAR ME!!! YOUR CRUEL AND TYRANNICAL QUEEN IS DEAD!! DEFEAT BY ME, THE GREAT HYDRA!! SUBMIT TO MY COMMAND, AND I WILL RULE YOU WITH FAIRNESS, RESPECT AND EQUALITY!::

Within moments, thousands of dragons poured out of the mouth of the nest and rallied to the Hydra, looking down at their cruel and former alpha, the dragons of Helheim's Gate bowed their heads; submitting to the Hydra's command and pledging their allegiance to him.

The sight sent chills crawling down my spine and a wide grin to cross my face. He did it! The Hydra singlehandedly defeated the cause of the war between Vikings and dragons for three centuries! Our great Hydra then looked up to us and he then growled out to me.

::WITH THE RED DEATH'S DEMISE, WHAT IS THE NEXT PHASE OF YOUR PLAN HICCUP HADDOCK?::

Smiling at the Hydra's words, I gestured to the Red Death's severed head and answer his question. "Take the Red Death's head with us.

Because now? We travel to Denmark. There are six Danish kingdoms that have united forces and are preparing to go to war against the West." Chuckling darkly, I click my tongue and continue. "But I have... other plans for the Danes. But in order for them to work with us? We will need to show them that dragons aren't what they think they are. And as a gesture of good faith? We will present the Red Death's head to them. For they have suffered greatly to the dragon raids over the years."

I could hear the dragons of Helheim's Gate let out whimpers and apologetic growls, I now know that these dragons were all victims and weren't given much of a choice but to obey the Red Death's commands. But with her dead? These dragons will have a far better life under the Hydra's command.

"We shall return to your nest and gather your strength great Hydra..." I said with respect, not wishing to abuse the alliance we had by pushing him, I then continued speaking once the Hydra nodded at my words. "...once you've recovered your strength? We go to Denmark at the soonest opportunity and travel together to speak with the Danes..." Nodding at my words, I smile widely and conclude my sentence. "...and then? We build relationships between Viking and dragon and proceed to raid and attack kingdoms together beyond Norway. And when we've established peace with the Danes? I have the perfect target in mind for us to take. The Frankish capital of Paris."

Chapter 5: Meeting Danes

A/N: Odin's beard, I've been suffering from the *worst* case of allergies I've had in my life!! They woke me up at 1am this morning and I just couldn't go back to sleep. As much as I want to lie in bed and just sleep, I want to write at least three chapters today, so stay tuned for multiple updates. Other than that? Sit back and enjoy.

(Astrid's pov)

Waking up after the three day celebration of Hiccup's cowardly suicide, Sihtric and I spent all that time together making love where ever nobody could see us. Currently, we were returning to the village after a quick session of sex, while still strapping our clothing on, Sihtric turned his head around and spoke his thoughts. "We were supposed to make it quick." I snorted at my lovers words and shot back. "It was. Too quick." I then slapped his strong and firm backside and he quickly turned around and acted like he was about to wrestle me, but I giggled and got in a defensive stance.

We both just ended up laughing and Sihtric wrapped a lean arm around my shoulder and I hummed happily as I leaned into his body while we walked together. "Besides, nobody will know that we were gone. The three day celebration no doubt has everyone drunk out of their minds." I stated, Sihtric hummed in agreement and looked down at me. "Who knew Useless Hiccup was so hated that we celebrated for *three* days." I hummed in agreement and spoke my thoughts on the matter. "Our now... dead and former heir didn't have what it took to be Viking. Being a Viking is more than being a warrior, its about being strong, brave and determined to make impossible choices. Hiccup didn't have what it took to be a Viking."

"Well we're now rid of him." Sihtric chuckled out, he wiped a bead of sweat off his brow as he looked back down at me and grinned.

"Besides, Stoick will have to choose a new heir to succeed him. And I'd wager he'd choose you." I scoffed at my lovers words and cocked my head at him. "Why me?" I asked, he scoffed at my question and responded. "Do you even have to ask? You, Fearless Astrid Hofferson slew the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself!! Stoick would be a fool not to take you under his wings and groom you to become heir of Berk."

Yes, while the thought of being Hiccup's successor had been plaguing my mind for the last three days, I secretly dreaded the very prospect of being heir of Berk. For one, there's Snotlout and the Jorgenson clan who already have a strong claim to the throne and second, I always viewed myself as someone to serve those who wielded power, not the one to wield power itself.

"Snotlout is not worthy of being our new heir, while he is a great warrior, he's stupid, arrogant and too lazy. " Sihtric's words snapped me out of my thoughts and I turned my attention back to him. "If Snotlout were chosen to become heir? It would no doubt spark tensions between your family and the Jorgensons." Sihtric's words made me hum in agreement, Hoffersons and Jorgensons *never* got along, but we'd set aside our differences for the good of the tribe in dire circumstances.

Upon exiting the forest, we could see handfuls of our people who weren't drunk and began the days work, deciding to grab some food, Sihtric and I made our way to the Great Hall. When we opened the doors, I could see Stoick and the Hooligan council around the great table, along with the tribes best warriors and their offspring. Stoick looked up to see me and Sihtric enter and he nodded at us. "Ah! Astrid and Sihtric. Join us, we're discussing we go to Helheim's Gate and try forcing the devils out of our lands once in for all before winter arrives."

Submitting to the chief's orders, I stand by my parents and Sihtric goes to his parents and Stoick spoke out to everyone gathered at the great table. "Thankfully summer is around the corner, but I suggest we take the dragons nest now! Before winter arrives." Many around us nodded in agreement while others lowered their heads and shook their heads.

"Stoick, we've lost too many good people and a sizable amount of ships looking for the dragons nest!" One of the veteran Vikings in our tribe spoke up, he then continued by gesturing to those who lost loved ones searching for the cause of the dragon raids. "I know handfuls of folk here who lost many loved ones searching blindly for the dragons nest! I myself lost my wife the last time you went in search of it!" Slamming his fist down on the table, the veteran Viking boomed out. "I will not partake in this... useless attempt."

Our chief scowled at this man and nodded before persuading him. "If you choose not to partake in this raid? Then everyone you lost; friends, family and your wife? They would've died for nothing!" Stoick boomed out, causing the veteran warrior to lower his head and absorb the words our chief just spoke out. "Do you truly believe that your wife and those you lost died for nothing old friend?" Stoick asked before placing his hands on the table and leaning forward. "No. Those who gave their lives? Ensured our survival! Because they wanted us to live in a world without dragons taking away all that we've built. So, I ask you my old friend, think about what I've said, and if you refuse still? Then your wife's death will've meant nothing."

Stoick then turned to Spitelout and patted his brothers back. "Spitelout, ensure the ships are ready." Nodding at his brothers words, Spitelout grabbed his wife Helga and son Snotlout to ensure our ships were ready to raid. Our chief then turned to the warriors gathered. "Those who wish to partake in this raid? Follow Spitelout and his family down at the docks, and those of you who don't? Stay here and ensure the village is safe from those who'd like to take advantage of my absence." Acknowledging the chief's orders, those who'd go and those who'd remain left the Great Hall.

My family and I were about to leave until Stoick spoke up. "A word Astrid." Turning to my chief and then to my parents, they nodded at me and left the Hall, when it was just me and Stoick in the massive room, I approached the man and bowed my head. "Yes lord?" Turning to me, I could see Stoick's eyes were... conflicted. "Hiccup was a traitor and he took his own life in a cowardly manner. As such? He will not feast in Valhalla, not that he was worthy of entering anyway." Stock then placed a hand on my shoulder and

squinted his eyes at me. "I want you Astrid, to become my new heir."

Those words robbed me of breath and I could do nothing but place a hand over my rapidly beating heart, I cocked my head slightly and asked. "B-But... what of your brother? Or Snotlout—"

"Don't remind me lass." Stoick said with a shudder, he shook his head and spoke his mind. "I love my brother and his family, but... I don't see either my brother or his son becoming my heir." He then patted my back gently and gave me an encouraging smile. "Its you lass. You saved my life from the Night Fury's wrath. You were the one who reported directly to me that my son was engaging with our mortal enemies and you alone are worthy enough of succeeding me."

Acknowledging that Stoick wasn't going to change his mind about the matter, I bowed my head in submission and gave him my oath. "I, Fearless Astrid Hofferson accept your gift of becoming Berks new heir." My words caused Stoick to let out a hearty laugh and he nodded. "Good girl! Come, we'll join the others down at the docks and be prepared to send the devils out of Norway."

(Normal pov)

A group of Danish shield maidens were beginning the days training in the plaines of their shared kingdom with five other Danish rulers. The shield maidens in training were preparing for a great raid they were about to partake in sacking the Saxon lands of England, though Vikings were no strangers to attacking England, the Danish rulers of Denmark all had thousands of ships and millions of warriors to commit to their cause, and such numbers would be necessary to press attack on the war torn kingdoms of the Saxon people.

Amongst these shield maidens was a fifteen year old princess named Gunhild. She stood at 5'9, but she has ensured those who have underestimated her for size would pay greatly. For her beauty alone could be as blinding as the sun itself, she had pale blond hair, azure

blue eyes, a sharp jawline and she had a brave, confident and humble personality.

Gunhild is the daughter of Queen Amma the Stone, she's a veteran Viking warrior and had the ferocity of a wolf when pressed in battle, she too had pale blond hair, azure blue eyes, she bore a scar going across the bridge of her nose and she had Danish tattoo runes going down her left eye and other tattoos across her body.

"Shield wall!!" Amma barked out to her shield maidens, Gunhild, who was amongst them formed a strong and sturdy shield wall got into position while Amma approached her daughters shield and struck it with her sword. Satisfied that her daughters form was on point, Amma continued striking many of the shield maidens shields and nodded at how firm they had planted themselves in; becoming unmovable.

"Very good! Shield walls are vital when on the battle field. They keep the weaklings attacks at bay and give us enough time to push our enemies back before opening the wall and allowing our fellow warriors to finish them off; whether with the sword or the arrow." Amma boomed out, she then turned to Gunhild and called out. "My daughter! Step forward." Obeying her mothers command, Gunhild lowered her shield and and waited for what her mother had to say, but before a word was said, a loud roar filled the air, causing all the Danes present to look up to the sky and see a massive form in the clouds.

"Dragons! Defensive positions!!" Amma roared out, every warrior under Amma's commands readied their weapons and war machines in preparation for the dragons, but what they did not expect to see was a dragon the size of a mountain with five heads flying towards them, but before Amma could give another command, six sleek black dragons landed in front of the Danish queen and princess, causing both Viking women to take a step back and ready their weapons.

"Night Fury's!"

"They do exist!"

"I thought they were all gone!!"

Were some of the whispers and murmurs from Amma's warriors, but the Danish queen and princess forgot about the dragons before them and were more shocked to find a boy sleek black leather armor which seemed to be made out of Night Fury skin by the look. The boy was scrawny, but his armor filled out his body well, his hair was sleeked back, he had piercing forest green eyes, a scar on his chin and he was armed only with a long knife strapped to his thigh.

"Who are you? Name yourself!" Amma demanded, the boy slid off his Night Fury and raised his hands up before answering Queen Amma's question. "My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III Queen Amma. Me and my dragons come in peace." He said while bowing his head, Gunhild watched the boy with curiosity and fascination, this boy was no foreigner, and yet... there was something very familiar about his name.

"Hiccup Haddock? You are not the presumedly dead son of Stoick the Vast of Berk, are you not?" Gunhild asked, the boy turned to the Danish princess and bowed his head in confirmation. "I am Princess Gunhild." Before Hiccup could speak again, Amma quickly cut in. "How do you know who we are? And how are you not dead?" Hiccup turned to the Danish queen and answered. "I was once heir of Berk Queen Amma, I was tasked with learning the largest and smallest Viking kingdoms rulers and their the names of their heirs." He then extended his arms out before continuing. "And I am not dead because I have sworn to the god of vengeance— Vídar that I will avenge the death of my first bonded dragon who too was a Night Fury and avenge myself by slaughtering every Hooligan dog on Berk." He spat out with such hatred and venom that Queen Amma took a step back.

Gunhild then laid eyes on a Night Fury who had the same azure colored eyes as she does, the female dragon laid eyes on the Danish princess and cocked her head at her. Turning back to Hiccup, Gunhild spoke up. "These Night Fury's and your mountain sized dragon, why have they not attacked us?" Hiccup quickly responded to Gunhild's question. "They won't attack unless you provoke them. Though I wouldn't recommend that." Hiccup then turned to the

Hydra and nodded, the mountain sized dragon then produced the head of the Red Death before Amma, Gunhild and those who served under the royal Danish rulers.

The sight caused gasps of awe, wonder, fear and... curiosity. Amma gazed at the Red Death's head for ten seconds before turning back to Hiccup. "What is it that you want Hiccup Haddock?" Hiccup took a step forward and spoke plainly. "I want to speak with the rest of the Danish kings and queens you're allied with. I want to make them a proposal that I'm certain they won't refuse."

Chapter 6: Proposition

(Hiccup's pov)

As Queen Amma and Princess Gunhild led me to the other Danish kings and queens, I could see the average Viking folk gaze at me and whisper and murmur amongst themselves, no doubt they were confused as to how I survived my... "suicide" or whatever lies Stoick and the Hooligans spoke. Gazing at the capital city truly astonished me, I've only been to Denmark as a boy, but now? It truly represented that we Northmen aren't savages as the Saxons or Christians portray us to be. No. We Northmen are risk takers; explorers, warriors and whatever we want to be.

Princess Gunhild slowed her pace with her mother to walk along side me, we looked into each others eyes and she cocked her head at me before asking. "Was it hard? Taming a Night Fury?" I smiled lightly at the Danish princess before answering her. "It was a as hard as making friends with a human being. I had to earn my first Night Fury's trust; show him that I meant him no harm." Gunhild hummed in acknowledgment and spoke once more. "You seemed... comfortable around dragons. Do you favor them more than human beings?" I shrugged and replied back. "Well of course I want a woman, a wife and to have children some day. But human beings have abused me physically, verbally and... sexually."

Gunhild's eyes widened in shock, she gave me pitiful look and gave an apology. "I'm... I'm so very sorry to hear that." Waving her apology aside, I reassured her. "It was the day I turned fifteen. My cousin and a friend of his... they tricked me into believing that the teens of my former tribe were throwing me a party, instead? They tied me up and raped me for *hours*." I closed my eyes and could feel my rage burning hotter by the second, remembering just how much pleasure Snotlout and Tuffnut took in taking advantage of me. "I wanted to die when they had finished with me. I wanted to rejoin my beautiful mother in death, but the I didn't die. I took that as a sign of the gods and would pledge myself to avenging myself and

first Night Fury."

Turning back to Gunhild, the girl did the unexpected and and grasped my hand gently in hers and gave me a comforting squeeze. "Gods Hiccup, thats beyond terrible. No one should ever suffer like that." I returned the princess's squeeze and nodded to her in thanks. "As long as I can fulfill my oath of vengeance? I will ensure my cousin and all those who hurt me suffer a fate far worse than death."

Before Gunhild could speak once more, we could hear old Norse being spoken behind us, turning around, I could see hundreds of Danish warriors wearing the helms personal bodyguards are required to wear. These bodyguards were mainly men, they all had long and pointy beards, they wore bulky black leather to fit their equally bulky bodies and their shields too were black and held large yellow arrows as the secondary design.

Once the bodyguards moved past us, they stopped right at a massive plaza where the rest of the Danish kings and queens were seated. By the looks of them, they were watching their best warriors engage in heated sparring matches, the sight made me remember just how ferocious Danes are in battle, which is why I would extend my proposal to the remaining kings and queens here in Denmark.

The people and warriors gathered all turned to me and were shocked to Blaze and his siblings tailing behind me slowly, they hadn't spoken a word because they were expecting anyone of these Danes to attack, so they were keeping a sharp eye for any aggressive action.

Queen Amma then vouched out for me. "My brothers and sisters, this is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III..." She said while gesturing to me, turning back to the kings and queens, she continued speaking. "...he has a proposal to make and I would suggest you hear him out." The five other Danish rulers shared looks before nodding at Amma, she then joined her companions while Gunhild joined her mother, leaving me to stand before six legendary Danish champions.

"Speak boy." One of the kings boomed out, I licked my lips and

steeled my nerves, taking a deep breath, I then made my proposal. "I understand that you have all united forces together in order to attack England and its already war torn kingdoms. But here is my proposal..." I took another step forward and the Danes bodyguards pointed their spears at me, but I ignored the sharpened steel pressing into my chest and continued. "...instead of fighting for scraps with the other Viking armies who have already fought in England, why not seek out another prize? One of far more value and one that would certainly gain you more reputation and infamy?"

One of the Danish queens raised an eyebrow and spoke. "And tell us, what is this prize that is far more valuable?" I turned to that queen and answered her. "The Frankish capital of Paris." The citizens and warriors gathered began murmuring and whispering amongst themselves, we Vikings have attempted to raid Paris in the past, but they had the technological advantage back then. But now? We may have the chance to take Paris and add among kingdoms and lands for the Viking empire.

"We Vikings have attempted to take Paris many times in the past! It is impossible to take!" One of the kings spoke up, I scoffed at the mans words and responded back. "Impossible? No no no, I have brought with me six Night Furies and a dragon alpha known as the Hydra. The alpha has recently defeated a Stoker Class dragon called the Red Death, who was the cause of the three hundred year old war between our two species."

Everyone began whispering and murmuring in disbelief at my words, thankfully I had proof. So, cupping my hands around my mouth, I gave out. dragon call for the Hydra, within minutes, the great alpha hovered over all Danes gathered and people began to panic, but I quickly reassured their fears, the Danes looked at what the Hydra was grasping in its massive talons and were beyond speechless to see the head of the Red Death.

"Odin's beard."

"Its bloody massive!"

"That thing was the cause of the dragon raids?"

Turning to the person who asked that last question, I nodded and answered. "Aye. The dragons of Helheim's Gate were victims. The Red Death was unworthy of being an alpha and instead of hunting for food herself? She relied on her swarm to raid Norway for her and for the dragons who failed to deliver a great tribute of food to her? They were devoured themselves." Turning back to Blaze and his siblings, I smiled at them and extended my hand out for Blaze, who immediately closed his eyes and pressed his snout into my palm, causing everyone to gasp in awe and wonder.

"Dragons are kind, amazing creatures that can bring a people together. They help bring a species to co-exist together." I said as I turned back to the six Danish rulers. "So, here's what I want. Instead of attacking England? We will attack Paris and take it. With the help of my Night Fury's, the Hydra and two nests full of dragons." Extending my arms out, I nodded firmly before continuing. "You already have a fleet of about one million ships and millions more warriors and shield maidens. And with the aid of the two nests full of dragons who follow the Hydra? I promise you all, we will conquer Paris and the whole of Frankia and make it a part of the Viking empire!" I said boldly and firmly while clenching one of my hands into a fist, I then shrugged and added. "Unless of course, you wish to be like every other Viking kingdom, remembered for attacking England and only gaining scraps, when instead you can have the whole of Frankia, with Paris as our new staging front."

Every Danish citizen and warrior gathered turned to their rulers for their answer, Amma turned to me and spoke. "We will need a moment to talk about your offer." I nodded at her and watched as the six Danish rulers rose from their thrones and circled around to speak together. Releasing a breath I didn't know I was holding, I scratched my chin and looked up at Gunhild, who gave me a friendly smile, I returned it and watched as she then interacted with the other Danish heirs.

I silently prayed to every god in the Aesir, my entire plan of vengeance relied on this moment right here. While having an army of dragons would be helpful indeed, I needed man power as well. And if one of the Danish kings or queens refused my offer? I'd challenge them to single combat, to take possession of their

resources, armies and people.

They had better accept my offer.

(Stoick's pov)

Upon reaching Helheim's Gate, we entered the fog bank and everyone readied themselves with shields raised and weapons at the ready. But I then realized that something was... different. Almost every time we'd enter the fog, dragons would fire our ships and force out. But none of us heard any dragons, not even a hiss, the only sounds that were heard were the creaking of our ships, the churring of the water and the grunts of my people rowing our ships.

Spitelout approached me and whispered. "Where are the devils at? They usually attack us upon entering the fog." Turning to my brother, I nod at him and whisper out for our rowers to watch out for the sharp rocks and destroyed ships sticking out of the water. About five minutes later. we all lay eyes on something we never expected to see.

It was a dragon the size of a mountain. But it was missing its head, the ground beneath the massive dragon corpse was dried up with blood and gore and seagulls were feasting on its flesh. The smell was revolting and we all had to cover our noses, once our ships touched down on the beach, I exited the lead ship and approached the massive dragon corpse.

Where was its head? And was there another dragon lager than this one? Surely there was.

Could... Could this thing been the cause of the dragon raids for three hundred years? The thought alone was crazy to believe, but it was the only thing that made sense to me.

Turning around, I could see only the best of my warriors exiting my flagship and approached the massive dragon corpse while the rest of our ships anchored off the beach and prepared catapults and nocked their arrows at the ready, in case this was a trap of some

kind.

"Thor's hammer, look the size of this thing." Boarnut Thorston said as he jabbed the forepaw of the dead dragon with his spear, while his offspring— Ruffnut and Tuffnut too were poking the mountain sized dragon with their own spears while giggling amongst themselves. Egil Hofferson and Spitelout approached me and then they gazed at the mouth of the mountain. "Do you think this is a trap?" Egil asked, turning to the elder Hofferson, I shrug and turn back to the mountain sized dragon. "Whatever this thing was? It surely must've orchestrated the dragon raids. And now that its dead? Perhaps we won't need to worry about the dragons raiding us anymore."

Wanting to be safe rather than sorry, I ordered flaming catapults to be fired into the mouth of the mountain, acknowledging my orders, two ships prepared laming boulders and fired, when the two flaming stones entered the mouth of the cave, we listened for any signs of dragons at. When we heard the catapults collide within the mountain, we heard nothing, not a roar or not even a growl, only silence.

I then began chuckling lightly, until I began howling with laughter, turning back to my people, I extend my arms out and smile widely. "The war with dragons is over!!" Everyone then roared in celebration, applauded and thanked the gods that our dragon nightmare has finally concluded. Returning to my flagship, I order the withdraws to those left on the island and speak.

"Come! Lets go home."

(Astrid's pov)

"The war is over!! Praise the Allfather!!" Fishlegs said with relief, humming in agreement with my friend, I too couldn't believe how the gods have truly blessed us in just a matter of days. First by ridding us of Hiccup and now striking down the giant who slept in Helheim's Gate. Upon entering the ship though, I had noticed massive bite marks on the dead giants neck and massive puncture

wounds on top of its neck as well.

Could there be something even bigger than the dead giant that lies dead on the black sands? Before I could dwell more on the matter, Sihtric sits next me and grins. "The gods truly work in mysterious ways, wouldn't you say?" He asked, I snorted at his words and nodded in agreement. "That they do." Was my response, he then gently cupped my chin and kissed me, I melted into the kiss and returned his gentle affection. When we broke apart, I look back one last time at the massive corpse and a question was still nagging me even on the journey back home.

What could've possible killed a dragon of that size?

I shake my head and realize that I'm overthinking, this is a time to celebrate! The dragon wars are over! Finally, after three hundred years, we don't have to worry about dealing with the dragons ever again.

The gods have truly blessed us.

(Hiccup's pov)

::Do you truly believe that they will accept your offer?::

Blaze asked me, turning to my new bonded dragon, I caress his head gently and mumble only for him to hear. "They'd better. My entire plan relies on the Danes support! If one of them refuses my offer? I will challenge them to single combat and take their title, their armies, ships, resources and people."

"Hiccup Haddock!"

Turning back to Queen Amma, her and the other Danish rulers approached me, so I pat Blaze's head and approach them. "Five of us want to follow you and your dragons to take Paris and then Frankia, but uh... King Dagfinn refuses your offer. He wants to continue our original plan and attacking England." Turning to King Dagfinn, the man stood at an intimidating 6'1, he was broad in

muscle and lean in muscle. He had Danish tattoo runes going down his right eyes and tattoos on the shaved sides of his head, his dark brown hair was pointy and he had a pointy goatee on his chin with a mustache above his lips. He looked as if he was a bear in human form, his presence alone was intimidating, but right now? I was insulted that this brute would refuse my offer.

"Then there's only one thing left to do then." I said as I then approached King Dagfinn and snarled out at him. "I take your refusal as an insult! I challenge you to single combat!" However, my words caused the Danish king to howl with laughter, along with hundreds more, when they had stopped laughing, Dagfinn scoffed at me and eyed me from head to toe before speaking. "You would dare challenge me boy?" Taking three steps to the Danish king, I look up at him and say coldly. "I do. Unless of course, you're too scared that you'll die by my hands."

King Dagfinn snarled at towered over me as he huffed out. "Very well. I accept your challenge. Your death by my hands will be over far too soon." Raising my eyebrows at his overconfidence, I give the Dane a wicked smirk and simply say. "We shall see."

Queen Amma then turned to her fellow companions and the people of Denmark before booming out. "You have all heard it! A fight to the death between King Dagfinn and Hiccup Haddock III." Turning back to us, Queen Amma continued speaking. "You both have one hour to prepare yourselves for the fight, may the gods choose their victor." King Dagfinn inhaled sharply and spat a wad of spit at my feet and chuckled down on me before walking away. Clearly he underestimated me; *everyone* underestimates me.

Today? I will show them why you should not underestimate me.

Chapter 7: Hail King Hiccup

(Hiccup's pov)

Making our way to make the sacred square, Danish citizens and warriors gathered and were cheering King Dagfinn on; encouraging him to wipe the ground with my blood and other gruesome words. I had no fear in my eyes, true, though I was no warrior, at least not yet, I was calculated and intelligent; and I would use those traits to my advantage.

Queen Amma and the other Danish rulers ordered everyone to quiet down, when everyone was silent, Amma approached both Dagfinn and myself and spoke the rules of the duel. "You have both chosen your weapons. You are entitled to a second shield if the first one is shattered. This is a fight to the death." Gesturing to the sacred square, Amma continued. "The square has been drawn, but only one of you will walk out of it alive." Turning to Dagfinn, Amma addressed him. "King Dagfinn, if you die, Hiccup will claim your title as king, your armies, resources, wealth and people." Turning to me, Amma addressed me. "If you die Hiccup, we will send your dragons away and we will continue our original plans to attack England as one army."

Amma then summoned Danish priests to dab each of us in blood spatter, the priests were bald and had black and yellow paint covering their faces, they held a small bowl of sheeps blood and held a wreath of branches and dabbed the sticks in the blood. They then approached Dagfinn and I and flung the branches in our faces, causing blood to spatter on our faces. Closing my eyes, as the blood landed on my face, I knew that this was going to be my opportunity to show these people that I'm ruthless and intelligent.

Dagfinn and I then entered the sacred square and once we entered, the tall Danish king scoffed at me and discarded his shield, thinking that this fight will be over far too soon. He was armed with a battle axe and got in his battle stance, while I had a shield in hand and a sword, I then let out a battle cry and charged Dagfinn, he spun

around and brought his battle axe down on me, quickly raising my shield, it immediately shattered at the force of King Dagfinn's blow.

The Danes roared in approval at their kings show of force, Dagfinn himself laughed at me and raised his eyebrows at me. "You won't win this boy." I scoffed and discarded my shattered shield before approaching one of the Dane warriors, the handed me my second shield, once I took, I slowly approached Dagfinn and rushed him once more, he brought his axe down on my once more, but I side stepped his powerful attack and bashed my shield against the back of his neck, sending him flying to the ground.

Dagfinn groaned in pain as he grasped the back of his neck and hissed in pain, then in the blink of an eye, he slashed his battle axe up and the blade cut me across my right eye and the blade actually nicked my eye as well. Screaming in pain, I could feel blood trickling down my wound at an alarming rate, I pant heavily and shrug off the Danes bloodthirsty roars and taunts thrown my way and I do everything humanly possible to shake the pain off.

Getting back to his feet, Dagfinn presses his attack and repeatedly batters my shield again and again, the force of his blows rattle my arms and finally, when his axe breaks through the shield? He then tugs violently and hurls me across the square. Groaning in agony, I get back up as Dagfinn then discards my second shield and gives me a murderous grin, all around me, I could hear the Danes taunting me.

"Not so tough without your Night Fury's huh?"

"You don't stand a chance against our king fishbone!!"

"You're weak! Pathetic! Useless!!"

As Dagfinn approaches me once more, I tap into my hatred and duck under the Danish kings axe swing and draw out my long knife and plunge the blade into Dagfinn's leg, causing the man to cry out in pain, I let out a roar as I drive the blade deeper wand glare daggers at my opponent. Dagfinn backhands me violently, but I shrug off the sting of the blow and then twist the knife in his leg. Again, Dagfinn blackheads me, successfully knocking me off of him,

breathing heavily, I could taste blood in my mouth and spit it out, I groan in irritation and pain as blood from my eye wound gets into my already sensitive and wounded eye.

Before I could react, Dagfinn's foot comes in contact with my face, putting me down on the ground, he then raises his axe high in the air and I roll out of the way just in time as the blade strikes the ground beneath me. Quickly picking up my sword, I slash Dagfinn across his right arm and he drops his weapon while yelling in pain, getting back to my feet, I twirl my sword in hand and get into a battle stance.

"Come on Dagfinn! Finish the welp!!"

"Soak Midgard with his blood!!"

"FINISH HIM!!!!"

Dagfinn's men were demanding my blood; they craved it like a ravenous wolf craved its next meal, and I would deny Dagfinn's men the satisfaction of seeing their king manhandle me. I try stabbing Dagfinn, but the man grabs my sword hand and tries confiscating my sword away, I punch him across the face, he turns back to me and inhales sharply before head butting me violently, causing me to lose my footing and to feel Dagfinn drive his knee into my gut and and then successfully taking my sword away, he then slashes upward, cutting me across the chest, causing me to cry out in pain and fall to the ground.

King Dagfinn lets out a dominant roar and his men and shield maidens praise their king for his prowess as a warrior, meanwhile, I laid down on the ground and could hear my ears ringing, my heart beat pumping faster than ever and my vision was blurry. I then groan out with every ounce of strength I had. "O-Odin... All-Allfather... he-help. Help me. H-Help." I could hear the panicked roars of Blaze and the rest of the Night Fury's, I then heard Blaze's voice enter my head.

::Get up!! You cannot avenge our brother and yourself if you're dead!! GET UP!!!::

Groaning with effort, I reach for my long knife and prepare myself as Dagfinn charges me, he tries taking my head off his axe and tries spilling my guts open with my sword, but I dodged both fatal strikes and could feel adrenaline running through my veins. Attempting to stab me with my sword, Dagfinn leaves his arm vulnerable, so I take my knife and plunge the blade into his arm and began hacking away at his flesh violently, causing him to scream in agony and causing me to let out a terrifying roar at the man.

He pushes me away and I then crouch as he clutches his wound, blood seeping out of his wound at alarming rates, he snarls at me and discards my sword before twirling his battle axe in hand and lets out an animalistic war cry and brings his axe down on me. With inhuman like strength, I raise my right arm out and stop Dagfinn's attack, giving me the opening I need to strike. So I then plunge my long knife right into his groin, causing the man to roar out in pain as I then bring the knife up and cut his cock clean in half.

Continuing to cry out in agony at his now rapidly bleeding organ, I then slash Dagfinn across the face with my knife, the first slash was across his left eye and up to his forehead. Letting out a war cry, I slash the Danish king across the face again and successfully make an 'X' across his face, he then wobbles around since I had blinded him with my attacks. Seizing the opportunity, I run up to the Dane and wrap my legs around his waist as I stab him repeatedly in the neck, once Dagfinn landed on the ground? I continue to stab him in the neck, face, eyes, nose and let out demonic like roars as his blood caked my face and teeth. About ten seconds later? Dagfinn's face was bleeding at alarming rates, he was twitching violently as well; trying desperately to stop the bleeding, but I took a good piece of my shield and then began to bash his face in.

CRUNCH!

The sounds of his bones being smashed in gave me a sadistic pleasure, because in my eyes? I was no longer killing Dagfinn. In my eyes, I was killing Snotlout, Tuffnut, Stoick... and Astrid. Just the very thought of the girl who took away my best friend caused me to let loose one last war cry as I then completely bashed Dagfinn's face in, his blood, teeth and pieces of his skull and brains

caked my face, but I ignored the gore that was streaming down my face.

It was a badge of my first victory as a warrior. I had killed one of the most legendary Vikings in our world and relied on my hatred and my oath to avenge Toothless and myself to drive me to victory. Standing up, I gazed down at the now former King Dagfinn, whose face was now a pile of smashed flesh, bone, teeth and gore, I inhaled sharply and spat upon my deceased opponent and turned to Dagfinn's warriors and people.

"All hail your new king." I seethed out coldly while raising my arm high in the air, almost immediately, those who served King Dagfinn bowed down to me and accepted me as their new king. Turning to Queen Amma and Princess Gunhild, the two blond women looked at me with shock and awe at displaying such... raw carnage. Yet none the less, Queen Amma rose from her throne and approached me, then she turned to everyone gathered and boomed out. "Hail King Hiccup!!"

"Hail King Hiccup!"

"Hail King Hiccup!!"

"Hail King Hiccup!!!"

Closing my eyes, a smile spreads across my face as I bask in the triumph of defeating such a legendary warrior and taking his lands, people, resources and kingdom for myself. Amma then spoke to me. "When do we attack Paris?" Opening my eyes once more, I turned to my companion and new ally before answering her. "Obviously not now. We will need to prepare to attack the Franks. I will inform you and the others when I have a plan." Queen Amma nodded in acknowledgment before grabbing my hand and raising it high in the hair, causing every Dane gathered to roar out in approval and... acceptance.

These were my people. And as king, I had a duty to ensure that they benefit from my rule. But I wasn't worried about that at all. When I'm done? We will become the most famous Vikings who ever lived and our story, fame and infamy will be forever etched in history.

I would see to it personally.

Chapter 8: Scouting the prize

A/N: So yesterday was my brothers 18th birthday and I spent the time celebrating with him and my family. Moving on to the story, Hiccup is going to see and scout out Paris before he and the other Danes lay siege to it. The Siege of Paris is gonna be epic, that's all I could say and that will be coming very soon, but other than that? Enjoy the chapter.

(Stoick's pov)

Three months have passed since the gods finally took pity on us and ended our dragon nightmare, and the cowardly suicide of the traitor who I once called son. With all these annoyances set aside? It was now time to focus on the future of Berk. I had already announced to the tribe that Astrid Hofferson was my chosen heir and everyone agreed with my decision, of course my brother Spitelout and his family had to swallow down their pride and accept the fact that Astrid Hofferson has eclipsed us by slaying the Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself, and that there was no one better to name heir then her.

And Berk would need a strong heir, something Useless Hiccup never was, but Astrid Hofferson is. I know for a fact that Egil and his wife Freya Hofferson are proud of their daughter, I would be too if I was Astrid's father.

Currently, I had called in a meeting with the whole tribe in the Great Hall, and we were discussing on where we were going to be raiding. So, with everyone gathered, I addressed my people and boomed out. "Friends! With summer upon us, it's time to discuss where we are going to be raiding." Many of my people hummed in agreement and I spoke where I wanted to raid. "With many of our fellow countrymen already raiding the Christian kingdom of England, perhaps we should look towards the Franks." My words caused an uproar of disagreement and many of my people began to

speak up.

"Our people have tried many times to raid the Franks, and yet every time we fail!"

"They have eclipsed us with their machines of war and have dispatched thousands of our people to Valhalla."

"Who knows how well equipped the Franks are to deal with us now, should we provoke them again! Perhaps you should choose another place for us Stoick!"

The people then roared and barked in agreement that I should choose another place to raid, pinching the bridge of my nose, I heard Mildew strike his staff against the ground and he barked out. "Silence! And allow the chief to dwell on where we should raid!!" Turning to Mildew, the old mans hair was messy, he wore the attire of a Hooligan council member and he held his pet sheep Fungus around one of its arms as if it were a child.

Sighing heavily, and let out a suggestion. "Perhaps we could raid the Kievan Empire." My words caused the people to whisper and murmur amongst themselves, I could see my people were heavy with thought and I decided to speak up. "My friends, I understand your concerns about sailing to uncharted places and lands..." Rising from my throne I extend my arms out. "...but we're Vikings! We all choose to live a dangerous lifestyle. And part of that lifestyle is to explore the unknown and load our ships were treasures and make ourselves famous!"

My words seemed to have the effect I wanted and my people's moral seemed to have reached a new high. So, turning to Astrid Hofferson, who was now my heir, I extended my hand out to her and used her as an example. "Astrid Hofferson has already killed the last known Night Fury! Her triumph over the devil is spreading far and wide in our nation and if you're going to be eclipsed by a girl? Than I pity you." I then bark out. "Have you got the balls to join me in raiding?" A roar of confirmation filled the air and I bark out again. "Are you willing to lay down your lives for your brothers and sisters in the shield wall and spend eternity feasting with the Allfather Himself?" A louder roar of confirmation filled the air and I

was satisfied with my people's demeanor, so I then give final orders. "Good! Now, prepare the ships and those of you who wish to raid with me! We leave at the soonest opportunity!"

Everyone grunted and nodded in acknowledgement and began to claim their morning meal, sitting back on my throne, I turned to see Gothi, Mildew and other members of the Hooligan council approach me, voicing their concerns. "Lord, with the greatest respect, our people have never been to the steps of Rus before." Mildew said, as if trying to change my mind, I snap my fingers and order my slaves to bring me my meal, they bow their heads and go to the cooks who were already serving the people. Turning back to Mildew, the old man continued. "So, may I suggest we partake in raiding the Christian kingdom? Its already battle torn, many of our people rule the majority of the kingdoms there and we wouldn't be leaving empty handed."

Looking to Gothi, I ask her. "Gothi, what say you?" The old woman performs sign language and voices her concerns. 'Though Mildew speaks truth, many of our countrymen have already plundered England and already rule many of the kingdoms there.' Nodding in agreement at Gothi, I then turn to the rest of the council and raise my eyebrows at them; awaiting their words of concern as well.

"Both Gothi and Mildew speak truth Lord Stoick, but as you said earlier, we're Vikings. There is no reward without risk." One of the members said, I chuckled lightly and nodded in agreement before turning back to the older members of the council. "Thank you for your opinions Gothi and Mildew. But its time we Hooligans take a risk and go after a bigger prize. That prize being in Russia. I've already made up my mind." I say firmly, the members of the council bow their heads and leave me be.

Nodding to myself, I know full well that I'm already a famous and legendary dragon slayer, but news of Astrid killing the Night Fury has earned her more praise and fame than every dragon slayer on this island combined. So, this isn't just about raiding and making ourselves rich, but about enhancing our fame and reputation as well.

And what better way of doing that than raiding an empire?

(Hiccup's pov)

Never in my life have I ever seen such a beautiful prize— Paris, the Frankish capital. It was a walled city and out in the middle of a series of river channels that lead out all over Frankia. Currently, I was on board a traders ship and wore the clothing of a Northern trader, but in truth? It was only a disguise and a way to breach the Franks capital and scout their weakness, defenses, numbers in warriors and where their treasures were.

"K-King Haddock, with the greatest respect, Northman traders aren't... exactly respected here in Paris. Due to the past Viking sieges and attempted raids, they view us nothing more than animals." A Northman traveler by the name of Rollo said, the man was in his late sixties, he was bald and had Viking tattoos on his head, he had a pointy beard and he wore fine clothing, no doubt obtained through the riches he's made from trading.

Turning to the old trader, I scowled at him and replied back. "You forget we aren't really here to trade with the Franks old friend." I then turn back to Paris and smile at the massive city before continuing. "Besides, once the Black Danes have claimed Paris? It is the Franks who will be considered animals in our sights."

Much has changed during my three months as king over Dagfinn's people, some tried overthrowing me and tried to claim my power, but I made them pay for it with their lives and hanged their corpses in the streets to let the Danes know I am not to be trifled with. It was I who also named our untied six kingdoms as the 'Black Danes' and it was I who also helped the Danes train dragons, which took much time at first, but now? There are many dragon riders among us and are quite impressive with the dragons they have bonded with.

Also, during the three months, I and the people I ruled over who are black smiths constructed lighter yet stronger weapons out of

Gronckle lava, three parts limestone, two parts sandstone, one part iron ore and a giant spoonful of hardened of a new material—Gronckle Iron. Once we learned the materials needed to make this new element? We began producing weapons on a massive scale throughout the six Danish kingdoms and have ensured all our warriors are armed with a modified weapon of their choosing.

I've also taken the time to get to know my Danish allies and companions as well, besides Queen Amma and Princess Gunhild. There is Haesten the Stout, his hair is dirty blond, it's long and braided, he had a pointy beard and within his mustache were two pointy eagle ribs that served as couplings, his physic was dirty bulk, he had Danish tattoo runes going done is left eye and held traditional tattoos on his forearms and body. His weapon of choice was a leviathan axe that had Norse runes etched on the fine blade and the handle as well. Haesten's heir and son, Cnut reminded me of Fishlegs, in size that is, Cnut has the ferocity of a bear in battle, he acts on a more... primal impulse and he'd take off your head for simply insulting him.

"King Haddock!"

Snapping out of my thoughts, I turn back to old Rollo and the man gestures to us docking at the harbor, I nod and exit the traders ship and lay eyes on Frankish soldiers staring me down. Taking in the Frankish soldiers armor, they wore steel helms with nose guards, they wore ocean blue gambesons and brown leather boots, their shields were rectangular and were ocean blue as well, though there was gold engraved on them, as well as a golden cross in the middle of their shields.

Once Rollo and his fellow traders stood beside me, the old man spoke in the Frankish tongue, informing the harbor patrol that we were traders and that we wished to sell our goods to the people of Paris. The harbor patrol inspected our ship from top to bottom; ensuring that this was no trick and that we weren't hiding warriors under the below the ships deck. After confirming no other Northmen were on board, the harbor patrol allowed us to enter the city gates, Rollo bowed his head in thanks and urged me to follow him.

"I take you've been here Rollo?" I asked the old man, turning his head at me, he nodded in confirmation. "I have indeed King Haddock. I've been all over Midgard, learned many tongues and have seen whole other worlds that would take your breath away." He said with pride, I snorted at him with a light smile, all the while taking in the sights of a whole other culture and this new place.

Once entering the city? It was one of the most beautiful things I have ever laid eyes on. The Frankish people all going about their daily lives, soldiers patrolling the streets and people of darker skin and different tongues who wore the garbs and robes of traders, merchants and entertainers. I made sure to stay close to Rollo, because the streets were jammed packed and I could easily lose the old man within the crowds, which I immediately took into mind. Laying siege to Paris on foot would be a death trap within the narrow streets and corridors, which is why I'd inform my fellow Danes that we should have our dragon riders scout from the air and give us warning if the Franks could be around the next corner.

As we continued walking, I laid eyes on the massive wall that held centuries patrolling, and there was a section of the wall that looked damaged and was taking time to repair, taking out my sketch book, I quickly sketched the damaged wall and noted that it laid near the harbor. Finishing my sketch of the damaged wall, I could see Rollo speaking for directions from a Frankish citizen, when the old man returned to my side, he spoke. "King Haddock, I just asked where a good spot to trade would be, and I was told to go to the old Roman square, its not far from here. Come." I nodded at the old man and put away my sketch book before continuing to follow the old man in this maze of a city.

Children were running along the streets playing tag by the look of it and their laughter filled the air, it almost broke my heart to know that when the Black Danes lay siege here? The children will become slaves, as well as the woman and elderly.

"Here, King Haddock! This is the Roman square." Rollo gestured with extended hands, gazing at the Roman square, I noted that it was massive, it was a plaza that could hold almost a thousand people or more, there were buildings that surrounded the square, and by the look of them? The majority of these structures were

homes, I could see women washing clothes on the balconies, watering plants and reading.

Rollo turned to his fellow traders and nodded at them, giving them the alright to set up shop and to place the exotic goods for the people of Paris to gaze upon. While the old mans fellow traders were setting up, Rollo approached me and tugged lightly on my traders disguise and pointed to a massive castle by the looks of it, he then spoke. "That is where King Charles the Bald lives and his daughter Gisela, and those belonging of royal standing." Humming in acknowledgment, I take in the castle and it was easily the largest structure in Paris, second only to the church Rollo showed me a few streets back.

Turning back to the old trader, I ask. "Tell me, do you know, off your head, what the defenses of Paris are?" Rollo looked in my eyes and answered. "They have catapults to hold off enemies raiding by sea, but besides that? I have not seen what other machines of war the Franks possess." I nod in understanding before leaning in and whispered. "I think it is time for me to see for myself what we truly face." Rollo's face widened with horror before he whispered yelled at me. "With the greatest respect King Haddock, that is a terrible idea."

I glare at the old man and gesture to the crowds. "I'll blend in with the crowds and ensure that I am not detected by the Frankish soldiers." Before Rollo could object, I grasped him by his collar and snarl out. "I must know what technological advantages the Franks have over us and find a way to perhaps sabotage their war machines, so that the Black Danes siege will be in our favor, not the Franks." Releasing the old man, I grasp a cloak off of Rollo's cart and draped it around my shoulders and pull the hood over my head as I disappeared into the crowds.

(Thirty minutes later)

I was focused on where the Frankish soldiers were going, so I stuck to the alleyways and made sure not to be seen, after all, I was

already used to being invisible, especially during my time on Berk, why not use that to my advantage?

I could then see battalions of soldiers wheeling in massive ballista like contraptions, only instead of one large harpoon? There were several harpoons pointing out and could be fired from the pull of a lever behind the contraption. Another thing that caught my eyes were massive rolls that had razor sharp spikes sticking out, if the Dane armies were in the narrow streets or bridge? The Franks could roll those down and the wheels would crush the Dane armies, that is if the spikes didn't kill them first.

Taking out my sketch book, I sketched everything I needed to see and everything worth speaking caution of to my companions beck at Denmark.

"Que crois tu faire?"

My heart skipped a beat at the sound of the Frankish tongue right behind me. I steered my nerves as I turned around to see a Frankish soldier behind me, he gazed down on my sketchbook and took it, inspecting my drawings before asking me in Norse. "What do you think you are doing Northman?"

I bow my head and act shameful. "F-Forgive me, I just gazed upon your beautiful machines of war and... and I just had to draw them! They are truly a work of art." The Frankish soldier looked back at me and squinted his eyes before pursing his lips and then handed me back my book, I took it and the soldier spoke. "Run along now boy." I bow my head and understanding and take my leave, my shameful demeanor changes as I'm walking away, I have seen all that I needed to see here, now? It was now to time to return to Denmark.

(Twenty minutes later— Roman square)

"Ah! Welcome back King Haddock, I trust you found what you were looking for?" Rollo asked me, discarding the cloak, I turn to the old

trader and nod in confirmation. "We leave at the soonest opportunity. When we return to Denmark? I'll call a war council and strategize a plan on how to rip Paris from the Franks grasp."

Rollo nodded in understanding before continuing to deal in his honest trading, meanwhile, I think about the form of attack. Would it be wise to attack from the air first? Or land? That is why I would discuss these matters with my companions and allies once we leave, its a pity I couldn't bring Blaze, traveling on ships is far too slow for my taste, but it was necessary to not draw attention to us.

No matter.

Soon the Black Danes would be arriving in millions, in both man and dragon and seize a great prize in the form of Paris. And once Paris is ours? We move on to the next Frankish city and the next and the next until the whole of Frankia belongs to us.

What better way to eclipse "Fearless" Astrid Hofferson and the rest of those Hooligan dogs?

(Fishleg's pov)

Silencing out the sounds of feasting, cheering and stories being told by my fellow tribesmen, I was picking at the scraps of food on my plate, to be honest? I... I was deeply troubled about how I treated our late heir— Hiccup Haddock. He never did anything wrong to any of us, the tribe mom,bombarded him with ridicule, humiliation and torture until... well, until his suicide.

I for one liked Hiccup, he was clearly different from the rest us. And by different, I meant he was intelligent, clever and was a genius inventor. Sure, he had tried to prove himself to us with his inventions, but those attempts always back fired on him and he was humiliated in front of the entire village for his failed attempts to impress us.

What truly was bothering me was that... I never stood up for Hiccup, *ever,* because I was too afraid to help him. I'm a Viking!

Supposedly one of Odin's chosen warriors placed on Midgard and I was too afraid to help the runt of the village?

Where was my courage?

"Fishlegs!"

Astrid's voice snapped me out of my thoughts, I looked to see the rest of the teens looking at me with concern, the Night Fury slayer herself sat on Sihtric's lap and cocked her head at me. "Are you alright? You've been staring at your plate for almost three minutes." I nodded furiously and answered. "Yes of course I'm fine." Snotlout scoffed and nudged me, causing me to hiss in pain at the force he used. "C'mon Fishy, tell us whats on your mind." Ruffnut and Tuffnut too joined in and spoke in unison. "Yeah Fishface, tell us whats up." I really didn't want to bring it up, and they all knew I was a terrible liar, so I decided to just spit it out.

"I... I was thinking about Hiccup." I said, everyone frowned at the mentioning of the chiefs late son and Astrid scoffed out. "What is there to talk about that... dragon loving traitor?" Sihtric spoke up and supported his girlfriend. "I'll tell you. Absolutely nothing." He said as he punted a fist on the table before continuing. "Useless died as a coward, he was no warrior and therefore? He will not feast with the Allfather and the rest of the gods, instead he will suffer in the realm of Hel."

"Skol." Snotlout said as he raised his mug of ale, Ruffnut and Tuffnut too raised their mugs. "Skol." They said before tapping their mugs and drank their ale, I twiddled my thumbs and spoke out. "What if he didn't die you guys?" Snotlout turned back to me and he shrugged out. "Of course he died! Nobody could've survived that fall." Turning to the cocky Jorgenson, I continued. "The way Hiccup acted and spoke on the day of his execution? I could see no fear in his eyes or even the fear of dying." Licking my lips, I then turned to everyone else and concluded my words. "Its... its almost as if, Hiccup had sworn an oath to the gods to return here and rain down hell on us all."

However, my words caused the teens to burst out laughing and clutch their sides, the sight caused me to frown and I asked. "Whats

so funny?" Astrid wiped away a tear and she turned me. "Really Fishlegs? Like we're all scared of Useless Hiccup. He was nothing! Just a scrawny pathetic little weakling." I shook my head at Astrid's words before Tuffnut spoke up. "And I thought you were smart Fishlegs, Snotlout is right! Nobody could've survived that fall. Nobody." Ruffnut then backed up her brother with her own words. "Absolutely no way nobody could've survived that fall." Tuffnut sighed in annoyance and turned to his sister. "We get it Ruff! You don't have to tell everyone what they already know."

I however didn't accept the fact Hiccup died, in fact... I believe he lives and is out there, plotting to make us all pay.

"Would you relax Fishlegs? Hiccup is dead, end of discussion. Those who wish to never mention that pathetic welp's name again, say aye." Sihtric said, the whole table said "aye" in unison and soon they all got up and gestured me to tag along, saying that they were going to the training arena to sharpen their skills. Sighing heavily, I get up and follow them to the arena, but I still have this feeling in my gut that Hiccup is not dead and that he lives.

If thats the case? Then I fear what will happen to us all.

Chapter 9: Confession

(Hiccup's pov)

Once all the Danish rulers were gathered within the Great Hall of Denmark, we began to form a plan of attack. I had shown the kings and queens the sketches I was able to do while in Paris, I also warned them about the narrow streets and that our armies could easily be picked off by Frankish archers on the rooftops and how they could release those spiky wheels and break our lines. Soon enough, the five Danish rulers began a pissing contest; stating that they had their own plans to take Paris and that their plans were better than their companions. The argument intensified and I could tell that blood could be spilled if this didn't stop, so, I drew out my sword and struck the table, successfully silencing my companions.

"ENOUGH!!" I roared out to them, extending my arms out in disbelief, I look into the eyes of every king and queen in my sight. "We don't have time to fight amongst ourselves! How does that help our cause? It does not." I snarled out, one of the kings stepped up and asked. "Then what do you purpose we do? King Haddock?" Turning to that king, he was known as Frodo. The man stood at a staggering 6'8, his physic was clean bulk muscle, he had blond hair that was done in a mohawk and the hair on the sides of his head was faded midway, he had a pointy beard and had Danish runes tattooed under his left eye and his whole body was covered in traditional tattoos. His weapons of choice were a sword and tomahawk, and in battle or in sparring? He dominates his opponents.

Clicking my tongue, I answer King Frodo's question. "We have dragons. We have Night Fury's! And we have the Hydra!" Extending my arms out, I continue. "The Franks have not received an attack from Vikings in quite some time, but now? We have not only the advantage of numbers, but we have millions of dragons under our command as well." Pointing toward the life model of Paris that I constructed, I drew out my long knife and pointed towards the front

gate. "We shall divide our forces." I then turn to the two candidates for attacking the front gate. "Queen Amma and King Haesten, you will attack the front gate and that way? The Franks will believe we are only trying to attack from that way." Both Amma and Haesten shared a look before nodding in confirmation.

I then point my long knife to where the weakened section of the wall was located, I then turn to the second Danish queen, who is called Aslaug. The woman had raven black hair, hazel eyes and she was a ferocious and legendary shield maiden amongst the Danes. Her hair was done in a braided ponytail and she had Danish tattoos going along the bridge of her nose and on the top of her hands, and her thighs. "Queen Aslaug, you and King Frodo will attack the unfinished section of the Franks wall. Use whatever means of battering their wall down: catapults or dragons, but I would advise you keep a safe distance, the Franks will have archers stationed along the walls." Both Aslaug and Frodo bowed their heads in understanding and accepted their instructions.

Finally, I turned to the final Danish queen among us, she is called Hild, she had brunette hair, ocean blue eyes and too was a vicious and legendary shield maiden. Her brunette hair was done in a pixie hairstyle, she had tattoos along her neck and had gotten a compass tattooed above her breasts, she had a Danish rune tattooed along her right eye and traditional tattoo sleeves on her forearms.

"Queen Hild. You and I will lead our dragon riders in the air and destroy their defenses and war machines. Leaving the Franks defenseless against our onslaught and making our siege easier." I say to the beautiful woman, she nods her head in understanding, turning back to the rest of the kings and queens, I raise my eyebrows at them and extend my arms out. "Any objections?" A solid minute of silence was all the answer I needed, so I nodded and grin wickedly. "Then it is settled. Tomorrow at dawn? We sail to Paris and take it. Once it is ours? We conquer the whole of Frankia for the Viking empire!" Everyone gives loud grunts of agreement and we dismiss the war council and heading off back to our homes.

Sighing heavily, I dislodge my sword out of the table and sheathed the steel back in its scabbard, I then see Princess Gunhild has lingered; apparently waiting for me. Cocking my head at her, I ask.

"Gunhild? What is it?" She smiles lightly at me and shakes her head. "Nothing's wrong, its just... I need to talk to you on where we stand." Raising an eyebrow in confusion at her, she then clarifies. "We have gotten so close over the past three months, I was wondering... if you were open to the possibility of opening your heart to me." I inhaled sharply and turned away for a moment, what she spoke was true, over the past three months, our relationship blossomed and I could feel the sexual tension between us.

And yet...

When I was raped by Snotlout and Tuffnut? They made me feel like... no woman would ever want me. I felt as if all women would turn me down and think of me as nothing more than a submissive man who allows to be... well, I'd rather not dwell on that. But my point is, Snotlout and Tuffnut tainted me, and I feel as if I don't deserve a woman.

"Hiccup, if you are pushing the possibility of us being together because of what happened to you, than I don't blame you. I just... I'm attracted to you." Gunhild's words caught me by surprise, I turn back to her and she nodded before repeating. "I'm attracted to you." The three months have treated my body well, my once baby fat cheeks have all but melted away and was replaced with a sharp jawline and my hair had gotten somewhat longer, I kept my hair slicked back and I too had gotten a Danish rune tattoo going under my left eye, my duel with the late King Dagfinn and the wound he inflicted was on my right eye, which made quite an impressive scar. And yet the blade slightly cut my right eye and the color in that eye has faded somewhat and my vision cane get fuzzy, but thankfully I'm not blind in that eye.

I then felt Gunhild's hand on my cheek, looking into her ocean blue eyes, she leaned in and kissed my lips, her lips tasted so sweet and I couldn't help but melt into her kiss. About thirty seconds later, she broke the kiss and caressed my cheeks lovingly and smiled at me. "I want to be in a relationship with you Hiccup." She confessed, before I could object, she placed a finger on my lips and continued. "You are everything I want in a man— you are brave, strong, intelligent, have a great sense of humor and you've already proven you are ready to lead." Gunhild then leaned in closer and whispered. "Berk

and those who hurt you and took away every shred of happiness and innocence left in you? They will pay, with their lives. And I would be honored to avenge you and Toothless by ensuring Berk is wiped off the map."

A smile graced my lips as I gently placed my hands on Gunhild's curvy hips and kiss her again, I could feel her smile through the kiss and she wraps her arms around my neck as we continue to kiss. Once breaking apart, I nod at her. "You helped me to remember that I'm not worthless or weak Gunhild. You helped me realized that I'm strong and that I'm a survivor." Smiling at her in gratitude, I take her hand and kiss her knuckles before raising an eyebrow at her. "Are you sure you want me? I mean..." She silenced me by another kiss, when we broke apart, she nodded in confirmation that she wanted me and no one else. "Yes Hiccup. You are the one I want in my life; as a companion, a partner and perhaps... a husband one day."

Her words bring a smile to my face, I had always believed girls would never be into me, even before I was raped, because I was a "talking fishbone." But it seems the gods truly favor me now, and I have absolutely no complaints at all.

Gunhild then kisses my cheek and gestures to the door. "Walk me home?" She asks, I smile and nod at her, as she leads the way, I turn back to the life model of Paris and chuckle lightly at it before catching up to Gunhild. Tonight? We sleep and prepare ourselves. But tomorrow? We become legends and our infamy will grow tenfold.

And I can't wait for the glory the siege of Paris will bring for the Black Danes.

A/N: Shorty, I know, but the next chapter is the siege of Paris! And its gonna be good. How are you guys liking the story so far? Leave me some feedback and give me your opinion. But other than that? See you in the next update.

Chapter 10: Siege of Paris

(Normal pov)

Frankish soldiers patrolled the walls of Paris, it was a beautiful Sunday morning and the citizens of the Frankish capital were attending church and celebrating one of their saint days. Whilst the soldiers patrolled the city itself and its walls, they would not be prepared for the attack that would strike them like lightning. A lone Frankish solider looked out towards the horizon and could see specks out on the river channel, so taking out a telescope, the Frankish solider nearly soiled himself at the sight of millions of Danish ships coming straight for Paris at ramming speed.

That soldier cried out in the Frankish tongue; alerting his fellow comrades that a massive army of heathens were on the horizon, the soldiers prepared themselves for their attackers and wasted no time in sounding the alarm to warn the citizens of Paris of the great heathen army that were preparing to attack them. Whilst the Frankish soldiers prepared themselves for the seaborne attack, they could hear loud banging coming from the Danish ships and the Franks could hear their enemies roaring out.

"Odin! Giver os styrke til at kæmpe!! Flyd os med Aesirs vrede!! Og må vi erobre Paris til de svarte danskere!!"

A series of battle grunts and the clanging of shields were heard, which sounded more like thunder claps to the Franks ears, the defenders of Paris mumbled prayers to God to give them the strength and the courage to hold off the Danish armies.

Suddenly, a series of ghastly roars filled the air and the when the Franks looked up? They paled at the sight. A dragon with five serpent like heads and its body was the size of a mountain, descended from the clouds, as well as millions of other dragons, with two sleek black dragons leading the pack. A crimson plasma bolt was fired and made contact with the wall, sending any Frankish soldiers in the area to be hurled off and fall to their deaths

while burning to an unrecognizable crisp.

The Hydra let out a mighty roar and laid eyes on the Franks aiming catapults and ballistas at himself and his swarms, deciding to kill them first, the Hydra unleashed hell like flames down upon the Franks manning their machines of war, causing both Paris's defenders and its war machines to burn and be reduced to ash.

Quickly forming into groups, the Franks loaded bolts into their crossbows and took aim above them and fired, but the dragons were out of range. Soon enough, another crimson plasma bolt came down from the heavens and sent the group of Franks flying in every direction while they burned alive, one of the Franks looked up at the large sleek black dragon and was shocked to see... a boy riding the dragon, the boy looked behind him and cried out in the Danish tongue.

"Dræb dem! Dræb dem alle!!!"

Soon enough, Danish dragon riders urged their bonded dragons to descend down to the scattered and panicking Franks to finish them off. The Danish dragon riders had one archer behind them to give support, if the dragon failed to kill a Frankish soldier? The archer behind the rider would finish the enemy off.

King Hiccup rode Blaze with a purpose, the Night Fury's scales glowed a blood red crimson was he fired his plasma bolts and he let out terrifying roars to further intimidate the Frankish soldiers before delivering kill blows. The young king could see Frankish soldiers who were stationed at the main gate were abandoning their post to aid their fellow comrades at the wall, the sight brought a wicked smirk to Hiccup's face, he could already see Queen Amma and King Haesten's armies already charging the main gate while being silent as a grave.

Returning his gaze back to the wall, Hiccup could see King Frodo and Queen Aslaug command the Danish fleet towards the wall, when they were close enough? They unleashed wave after wave of flaming catapults down on the unfinished portion of the wall. Hiccup could see the Franks manning more catapults and aiming them at the Danish fleet, so the young king patted Blaze's neck and

pointed toward the enemy catapults. "Lets take out those catapults Blaze, so our fleet can continue the bombardment undisturbed."

::By your command my friend::

Blaze then charged the Franks catapults and fired a superheated plasma bolt, the bolt ripped through the nearest catapult like it was nothing; sharp pieces of splinters flew in all directions and impaled the Franks manning them. When Hiccup and Blaze were in range, the Franks took out their crossbows and fired bolts at the duo, the young young quickly took out his Gronckle Iron shield and blocked the incoming arrow fire. He then activated his own crossbow mode inside his shield and took out an arrow and fired, the arrow struck the nearest Frank straight through the throat, killing him within seconds.

::So, Amma and Haesten's forces are to charge straight into the city and cut off reinforcements to support the Franks here?::

Blaze asked, Hiccup patted his bonded dragons neck gently and answered. "Correct. The Franks will believe that we're only trying to attack them here and will have no clue that the rest of our forces will be breaking the gates down until it is far too late." Returning his focus to the battle field, Hiccup had confidence that Queen Amma and King Haesten's forces would cut of Frankish reinforcements.

(Paris's main gate)

Finally reaching the main gate, Queen Amma and King Haesten, alongside their heirs— Princess Gunhild and Prince Cnut ordered their warriors to bring out the battering ram. The warriors under Amma and Haesten's command wheeled in the battering ram, soon the strongest warriors took hold of the ram's handles and began to pound the gate open, at this time, the Danes also brought a cage with them, so that their heads and bodies themselves would be protected from incoming arrow fire from above.

"Can you hear the sound of battle father?" Cnut asked excitedly, he

then continued and shivered with ecstasy. "Ohhh, I cannot wait to slake my bloodlust!!" Haesten let out a chuckle and patted his sons back and replied. "You and I both my son. We shall battle soon enough." The battering ram was doing its job beautifully, the figurehead of the ram was a Night Fury and made out of Gronckle Iron, and when the ram once more made contact with the gate? The gate cracked and began to groan, causing the Danish rulers, heirs and their armies to draw their shields and weapons.

When the figurehead of the ram came down on the gate for the tenth time? The gate was smashed open the the Danes let out a battle cry and charged into Paris. The few soldiers that remained within the halls of the bride, were completely overrun and slaughtered, and soon enough? The Danes waltzed right into Paris with little to no fight at all. But that all changed very quickly when arrows whistled through the air and struck many of the Danes down, Amma turned to the armies behind her and roared out. "SHIELD WALL!!!" Soon, both Dane armies formed a shield wall and began moving slowly while letting battle grunts.

Peaking through the shields protecting them, the Danes could see Franks on top of the rooftops and shooting down on them from above, exactly as Hiccup said they would. King Haesten barked out orders for their archers to return fire, so, the archers within the shield wall had their comrades open the wall so they could return fire to the Franks. While this was happening, several squads of Franks passed through the streets but stopped as they saw the Danes shield wall.

The Franks then charged towers their enemies with every intention to drive the heathens out of their beloved capital city. But the Danes too had every intention to not be driven out without a fight, so when the Franks were close enough, the archers with the shield wall barked out commands to open the wall, when the wall was opened? Volley after volley of arrows struck down the Franks charging the shield wall, but the Danes soon broke the shield wall to engage their enemy face to face.

Gunhild led a group of shield maidens to engage a squad of Franks and push through them and enter the city streets. The Danish princess ran up the Franks own shield wall and began striking them

in the backs and cutting them down, giving the other shield maidens under the princess's command an opening to break the Franks line of defense and pour right into the city streets and began raiding homes for plunder and other goods.

King Haesten and Cnut smashed through the last squad of Franks trying to keep their forces out, and with them out of the way? The Danes ran along the city and began raiding every building in sight, though they were still being mindful of enemy archers that could be perched on the rooftops and more Frankish soldiers that could be moving towards the wall.

Whilst the Danes dragged out the defenseless Franks out of their homes and businesses, they began slaughtering them all with no compassion or mercy. Queen Amma watched with pride as her daughter led a valiant group of shield maidens within the city, but Amma herself turned to her own group of shield maidens and cried out in the Danish tongue.

"Din berømmelse er inden for din forståelse! Tag det! Det er din!!"

The shield maidens under Amma's command let out ferocious battle cries and followed their queen into battle and within the heart of Paris to secure their fame and reputation as the first Vikings to enter Paris itself.

(Within Paris's cathedral)

Emperor Charles and his beautiful daughter Princess Gisela were gathered with their personal bodyguards, the bishop of Paris's church and the citizens attending the Sunday service. All was well that was until the alarm was sounded and cries of a great heathen army attacking Paris filled the air and brought fear into the hearts of the citizens of the Frankish capital.

Suddenly, the doors of the cathedral burst open, to reveal dozens of Frankish soldiers and a Frankish commander by the name of Ronald, the man wore a crimson gambeson, a steel helm with a nose guard, black leather boots, black leggings and a crimson and

gold cape. Taking off the steel helm off his head, the commander bowed down to the rulers of Paris and spoke. "My emperor and princess, the heathens are great in numbers! They have already breached the gates and are within the city itself, they are close to breaching the weakness in our wall and they have dragons under their command!"

The citizens of Paris whimpered and cried in fear at this news, they then looked to where the figure of Christ Himself was nailed to the cross and they began to pray that God would strike the heathens down and let the crows feast off their flesh. Emperor Charles turned to his daughter and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Do whatever it takes to show our people that God is with us my daughter." Princess Gisela bowed her head at her fathers command and ordered her bodyguards to follow her to the palace, meanwhile Emperor Charles himself would remain with his people and encourage them to pray and not to lose faith in Paris's defenders and in God.

"Have faith my people! God is with us and He will not forsake us!" Charles proclaimed, he then bowed down before the altar and gestured for the bishop to pray for them all, acknowledging the emperors orders, the bishop began praying in Latin while the siege of Paris raged on outside.

(King Frodo's pov)

"FIRE!!!"

Round after round of flaming catapults continued to rain down on the weakened section of the Franks wall, and after some time, that section of the wall crumbled down; sending debris, rocks and Frankish soldiers to tumble down. My armies as well as Queen Aslaug's armies all roared at the sight of the weakened section of the wall come crashing down, Aslaug then turned to her warriors and barked out orders to charge the breach at ramming speed.

As we neared the breach, incoming arrow fire came down on us and I turned to my warriors and barked out. "Shield wall!!" Quickly

raising our shields, we deflected the enemy fire and made sure to cover those rowing the ship, Queen Aslaug ordered archers to return fire on the Franks shooting at us, but we saw the dragons under the Hydra's command all firing down on the Franks, sending off the walls while burning to a crisp.

"Brace for impact!!" I roared out as our ship neared the breach, within seconds our beached the debris from the wall and I then draw out my sword and tomahawk and urge my warriors to follow me as we charge the breach to the last man. Frankish soldiers that were already on the ground laid eyes on us and let out battle cries and charged, I let out an animalistic like war cry and when the nearest Frank came my way? I lifted him up like he weighed nothing and threw him behind me, another Frank rushed me with his sword raised, I blocked his strike and side stepped him attempting to stab me, I then cut him down with my sword and summersaulted away from another Franks sword swing.

Once back on my feet, I locked blades with the Frank and then drove my tomahawk into the Franks neck and slashed open, causing blood to spray out of his neck and to cake my face. I closed my eyes and let out a laugh and stuck my tongue, letting the Franks blood land on my tongue. Turning back around, I saw three Franks who looked fearful of me, I laughed at their fear and charged them, causing them to flee, but I then threw my tomahawk and it embedded itself into one of the Franks backs, causing that man to fall and allowing me to finish him off with my sword.

I then took that Franks head off and with my sword before raising that Franks head high in the air and letting out a ferocious battle cry and barked out to my warriors. "Our fame and reputation will increase tenfold!! Charge my brothers and sisters!! CHARGE!!" The warriors under my command rallied to me and I could see Queen Aslaug and her warriors rally with me and my own warriors, we then let out battle cries that could've shaken Midgard itself and charged into the heart of Paris.

(Princess Gisela's pov)

"Here my princess is the Oriflamme. It is the sacred banner of Saint-Denis." A monk said while present the crimson banner the sun in the center of it while its sun rays shone on the banner. "The cloth itself was bathed in the saints blood." The monk added, I gasped at this information and looked down at the banner. "Martyr's blood." I said, the monk nodded in confirmation. "Yes princess."

Turning to the monk, I exhale out. "It will be for all of Paris." Slowly extending my hands out, I graze the cloth with my fingers and could feel hope surging through me, turning to the monk I inform him. "I must take this banner to the cathedral and ask for the bishop to anoint it and allow the sacred banner of Frankia to encourage our people and our soldiers." The monk bowed his head and allowed me to take the banner to the cathedral, I fold the banner and clutch it to my breast and gesture to my bodyguards to follow me back to the cathedral.

I just pray that we are not to late to stop the heathen outbreak.

(Queen Amma's pov)

The siege was going exactly as planned, Haesten and Cnut's forces were watching our flanks, allowing me and my warriors to raid and plunder the Franks homes and buildings with little to no disturbance at all. The citizens that were within their homes were slaughtered on sight though I gave orders to capture as many as we could, we would need slaves after all and we wouldn't have any if we killed every citizen of Paris.

"My queen, why are we not going toward the castle there?" One of my best shield maidens asked while pointing towards the castle with her sword, turning to the castle, it was easily the largest structure of the city, I turn to my fellow warrior and answer her. "In time. For now, we focus on taking everything within the city and once we regroup with all of our forces? We attack the castle." My shield maiden bowed her head and returned to her group.

Turning to my warriors, I could see them exiting the Franks homes with weapons, clothing, treasures; anything of value and began

loading them up on the wagons we brought, and at the same time, the warriors under my command take captive the Frankish citizens and tied their hands together and marched them down the streets with the rest of my army.

Upon entering a large plaza which Hiccup informed me and the rest of the Danish kings and queens during his time with Trader Rollo, I ordered my warriors to halt. Coming to a stop, the only sounds heard were the bells being rung by the Franks, the roars of dragons and the battle cries of both Franks and our fellow Danes deeper within the city. Looking above us, I had a feeling in my gut that this could be a trap, the Roman square was large enough to bottleneck my army for the Franks to pick us off with arrows.

Sighing heavily, I turn back to my warriors and order them to form a shield wall, once that was done, we marched towards the square and keeping a sharp eye for any signs of the Franks. Suddenly, harpoons whistled through the air and pierced right through our shields and struck many of us down. I groaned out in agony as I looked down to see a harpoon embedded deep inside my abdomen, feeling blood starting to pool my mouth, I wheezed out to my warriors in the Danish tongue. "H-Hævne mig! Få dem til at lide!!" I was losing consciousness fast and I groaned in agony as I tried moving, but that just made the pain ten times worse.

Accepting my fate, I pull out my necklace that was tucked under my leather armor which held Thor's hammer, I kissed the piece of gold and wheezed out. "See you... in Valhalla... husband." My words bring a smile to my face, because now I would be reunited with my long dead husband and we would both watch our daughter become legendary and would patiently await our daughter to join us.

I then breath our my last and my vision goes black.

(Hiccup's pov)

With the Hydra and the millions of dragons wiping out what was left of the Franks war machines and armies, I turn my attention to the church, it was massive and no doubt many people would be

within, cowering in fear. So I urge Blaze to fire a plasma bolt at the roof of the cathedral, he nods in acknowledgment and fires, when the roof was blown open? We charged in and landed inside the church.

Screams of horror and terror filled my ears as I looked around to see women whimpering in fear and clutching their children close, the men were stunned and equally as terrified of the sight of me and Blaze and the elderly trembled and I then laid eyes on a man dressed in elegant clothing, Trader Rollo informed me that he is Emperor Charles, ruler of Paris.

I dismounted Blaze and took out my shield and drew my sword before advancing towards Charles, the emperors bodyguards rushed me with every intention of defending their emperor to the death. Sidestepping a stab from one of the Frankish bodyguards, I chopped off that mans hands off and proceeded to slash his throat wide open, causing blood to spray out of his neck and causing the people to cry out in fear.

Summersaulting backwards from an incoming sword slash, I was then cornered into a pillar and two bodyguards seized the opportunity to run me through with their swords, but I evaded both strikes and with one slash of my sword, I slit both guards stomachs opened and watched as their intestines spilled out and blood pouring out of their wounds and wetting the ground. Three more bodyguards tried apprehending Blaze, but my bonded dragon disposed of them quite easily, he fired a plasma blast at their feet, sending them flying away while burning to a crisp and he then proceeded to close his jaws around one of the wounded bodyguards heads and ripped it clean off his shoulders before releasing the head with a sharp turn of his head.

Bashing my shield into one of the bodyguards faces, I watched that man tumble down and tried stabbing me as a last resort to defend himself, but I knocked the sword out of his grasp with my own and then proceeded to drive my sword straight into that bodyguards mouth. Looking back up towards Emperor Charles, the mans face paled in horror and the sight made me chuckle wickedly, I then sprinted towards the emperor but two more bodyguards rushed me, I pulled out a bolt that was strapped to my thigh, took out my

shield and activated the crossbow mode and fired at the nearest bodyguard, the bolt struck the bodyguard in the face and I then bulldozed right into the second bodyguard before driving my sword into his heart.

Letting out a war cry, as I dislodged my sword out of the bodyguards heart, the Franks blood spatter landed on my face and I gave the emperor of Paris a murderous grin which caused the man to nearly soil himself. I then grasped the man by his throat and turned to Blaze. "Inform the Hydra and swarms that I have Emperor Charles as my prisoner and that let the Danes know!" Blaze nodded at me and let out a mighty roar into the heavens.

::Brothers! Sisters! Great Hydra!! Hiccup Haddock has the Frankish emperor captive!! Inform your bonded riders of the news and converge to where I am!::

Blaze then took the sky and hovered above the rooftop, turning my attention back to Emperor Charles, I was about to speak when the doors of the church opened to reveal the emperors daughter—Princess Gisela and her own bodyguards. Sighing in annoyance as the princess's bodyguards let out war cries and charged me, I then held the emperor by sword point which halted the bodyguards dead in their tracks.

Princess Gisela was on the verge of tears as she dropped what looked like a crimson banner and rushed to me and her father, falling to there knees, the princess spoke the Frankish tongue while staring deeply into my eyes, no doubt pleading for her fathers life. This situation made me remember of the times I suffered by the Hairy Hooligans on Berk, though I wasn't held captive, I remember begging for the beatings, the insults and... the raping to stop, but I could remember my words fell upon deaf ears back them.

"S'il vous plaît! Ne fais pas de mal à mon père! Je t'en supplie!"

Princess Gisela cried out to me, I could see her tears streaming down her cheeks as I pressed my sword against her fathers neck harder, the man whimpered in fear and I could see blood trickling down the emperors neck. This was something I never imagined me doing before. The prospect of killing someone. If I killed Emperor

Charles? Then I would lose another part of my soul and further taint my innocence.

But people change, for better or worse.

And I am far worse.

Instead of killing Emperor Charles, I push the old man aside and I strike his daughter down, causing horrified screams to fill the air, I watched as Gisela's body hit the ground and I watched as her blood pooled around her corpse, I could see the princess's bodyguards about to rush me, but once more the church doors burst open to reveal Gunhild and her own group of shield maidens, the group of fierce Danish women made quick work of the bodyguards and held the people down while Gunhild approached me, she gave me a quick peck on the lips and saw the trembling Emperor Charles at my mercy.

"What of his daughter? Princess Gisela?" Gunhild asked me, I pointed to the deceased Frankish princess with my sword, Gunhild gazed at the corpse and then gazed at my blood soaked sword, looking into my eyes, she cocked her head at me. "You killed her?" She asked, I hummed in confirmation before looking back down on Charles who was moaning in sorrow after witnessing his daughter being cut down by my hand. "His daughter was his everything. Without her? He has nothing left but his crown." I say before grasping Charles by the front of his elegant robes and seethed out.

"Lets take a walk old man."

(Thirty minutes later)

Once outside, I could see what was left of the Frankish soldiers making a final stand outside the church while at the same time, King Frodo and Queen Aslaug's armies were quickly overwhelming them. The Frankish soldiers turned around and gasped in horror at the sight of me holding their ruler hostage, they soon dropped their weapons and hung their heads in defeat. I nodded at Frodo and Aslaug, they returned my nod and ordered their warriors to cut the

remaining Frankish soldiers down, the sight made me laugh and I patted Charles back while the man whimpered in fear and sorrow.

"Friends! We have done the impossible!! Paris, is ours!!!" I roar out, causing every Dane present to raise their weapons high in the air and let out cries of victory and celebration at such a feat. The dragons too let out triumphant roars and they soon descended down on the nearby rooftops and awaited orders from me.

Blaze and the other Night Fury's landed and approached me, I released Charles and threw him into the nearest Danes, they soon grabbed hold of him and held him down as I gave each Fury affectionate scratches and hugs. I then looked up to see the Hydra hovered above us and its heads gave me smiles, I smiled back at the Hydra and raise my eyebrows at him. "I thank you for your assistance great alpha! Your combined swarms have helped us achieve a great victory here." The Hydra bowed his heads and then his mighty voice entered my mind.

::OF COURSE. YOU HAVE SHOWN YOU CARE FOR THE NIGHT FURY'S AND IT SHOWS THAT YOU CARE FOR ALL DRAGONS. THUS, WE SHALL AID YOU IN WHATEVER CONQUESTS YOU WISH TO CARRY OUT::

I bow my head in thanks to the Hydra and raise my sword high in the air and the Danes around me all let out thunderous roars, but those roars were soon silenced as Queen Amma's personal shield maidens were screaming in urgency for Gunhild.

"Princess Gunhild? Princess, where are you?"

Gunhild made herself known and approached her mothers shield maidens. "What is it?" She asked the warrior women, the head shield maiden spoke up. "Its your mother princess. She fell in battle." The news caused Gunhild to gasp in shock and her eyes began to water, I rushed to her side and held her close as she began to weep in my chest.

Azure cooed in condolences to Gunhild, she turned to the female Night Fury and held her palm out for the female Fury to smell. Azure took three sniffs before pressing her palm into Gunhild's

palm, the female Fury then nuzzled into her now bonded humans legs and Gunhild caressed her dragons head gently.

"Your mother is now feasting in Valhalla with the Allfather Himself and your father Gunhild. Take comfort in that." King Frodo said, Queen Aslaug too spoke encouraging words. "And when the time comes? You will be reunited with both your mother and father. But while you are yet of Midgard? Fight for both your parents and ensure their names are never forgotten."

Gunhild turned to both Frodo and Aslaug and nodded to them in thanks for their words before looking up into my eyes. "I can't believe she's gone." She whimpered out, I shushed her cries and held close. "Its part of our way Gunhild. I know that she died knowing that you're safe and that she loves you with all her heart, even in death." I then kissed her hair and murmured out so that only she could hear. "You have me." She hummed in that knowledge and nuzzled deeper into my chest and murmured out as well. "I won't lose you too."

Turning to Frodo and Aslaug, I nod at them to move along, they nod in understanding and order their warriors to seize all the Frankish citizens within the church to become slaves and take all the treasure within and move on until the whole city is under our control. Also, turning to the Hydra, I ask with the greatest respect that he and the other dragons ensure that there are no more Frankish soldiers left standing and that they finish off any stranglers.

I gaze at Paris, which was once full of life, happiness and civilization has now turned into a mass graveyard; corpses littered the streets, blood soaked Midgard and the stench of fire, smoke, blood and gore filled my nostrils. I close my eyes and commit these stenches to memory, because when I return to Berk? There will be nothing left but fire, corpses and memories.

But until then? I relished in the victory was won and would ensure that Gunhild was comforted at the lose of her mother. A cruel price to pay in war; losing those we hold close to heart. As king, I swore to myself that I would do everything in my power to ensure that every Dane and dragon under my command comes out victorious

and still have their lives at the end of battle.

And that was a promise I intended to keep as we continue our campaign against Frankia.

A/N: Believe me, this took every ounce of strength to write guys. This week has been... murderous for me. My allergies continue to batter me down, I haven't slept well at all these past few days and right now? I just want to pass out. I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter, be sure to leave feedback and as always, I'll catch y'all in the next chapter.

Chapter 11: Five years later

(Normal pov)

Stoick the Vast roamed the forests of Berk and his destination was the hut of Sigurd the Wise, who was Berks seer. The Hooligan chieftain had questions for the old man, specifically his fate and the fate of Berk itself. It had been five years since Hiccup's apparent "death" but as the years had gone by? Traders and spread the word and news of how Hiccup Haddock, now king of Danes along side five other Danish kings and queens have not only conquered Paris, but the whole of Frankia in the name of the Viking empire.

The traders and merchants that came to Berk informed Stoick that Hiccup was... a ruthless, ferocious and battle hardened warrior now. The thought of his son being a warrior would cause Stoick to laugh, but with news coming in left and right about his son and Danish allies conquering worlds beyond Norway? The Hooligan chieftain knew full well that Hiccup would soon turn his eyes towards Berk and reclaim vengeance for what he and his people did to the boy.

Finally reaching Sigurd's hut, Stoick entered and could see the old man sitting by a fire while wrapped in heavy furs. The Hooligan chieftain closed the door behind him and shivered as he too clutched his bear fur cloak tighter around his hulking frame, the old seer looked up at Stoick and let out a dry chuckle. "So... you wish to know the fate of us all Stoick?" Sigurd asked, the Hooligan chief grunted in confirmation. "Tell me." He demanded, the old Viking nodded as began making a potion so that he could take a glimpse into the unseen future.

About three minutes later, the potion was complete and Sigurd took a small stick and placed it over his fire pit, when the stick was burning, he placed the burning piece of wood in the bowl he mixed his potion with and dark purple smoke filled the air. The old seer inhaled the smoke and he then let out a raspy groan and he opened his eyes to see the fate of Berk.

"I see... blood and gore slick upon Midgard. The bodies of Snotlout Jorgenson and Tuffnut Thorston stripped of all flesh and their cocks severed. I see... the people of Berk... being burned alive by a... five headed dragon the size of a mountain." Sigurd let out a cough and then rasped out. "Fearless Astrid Hofferson is torn to pieces by six Night Fury's and... Stoick the Vast himself? He will meet his end by... someone he once believed to have perished by dragons."

Stoick absorbed this knowledge and his mind was scattered, he didn't know what to think right now. So, squatting across from Sigurd, the Hooligan chieftain seethed out. "Is there no hope for the Hairy Hooligans at all?!" The old seer gazed into Stoick's eyes and answered. "None at all. The consequences of our actions towards your son are about to bring dire circumstances." Sigurd scratched his bald head and chuckled dryly. "And they will happen quite soon."

Hearing enough, Stoick exited the old mans hut and returned back to the village to inform his people of Hiccup's imitate return to Berk.

(Astrid's pov)

The Great Hall, which was usually filled with laughter, celebration, music and heated conversation were all absent now. Because we've all heard the news over the years that Hiccup survived and has become a Danish king! A king who is allied with five other Danish rulers, and together, they have conquered Paris and the whole of Frankia itself. To make matters worse, we've also heard that Hiccup has dragons under his command, specifically six more Night Fury's and a five headed dragon the size of a mountain and millions more of the winged devils.

Hearing this news? It didn't sit well with me at all. Because I knew deep down that we were all going to suffer for what we did to Hiccup in the past. He was going to rain down hell upon us all and I don't know whether or not our allies would wish to aid us against Hiccup and his hordes of Danes and dragons combined.

This news also will embolden Berks greatest enemies-- Lava Louts, the Outcasts, Murderous tribe and Berserkers. They'll all rally to Hiccup just to partake in our destruction, and for the first time in a very long time... I'm afraid.

I had killed the only living being Hiccup truly cared for when he had nobody, and now? I know he'll savor every second of my suffering. Who knows what kind of person he's become now, one that I should be afraid of.

Currently I was sitting at my usual table and drinking done a mug of ale, attempting to forget about the fact that we all may die very soon. For all his... clumsiness and failures, Hiccup was still a human being, he's not perfect and neither are any of us. And I think that is one reason why we all treated Hiccup so badly, because we wanted him to be this... "perfect Viking heir." But instead he was born as a runt of the litter and we all hurt him in our own way, and now five years later, our past has come back to haunt us.

The doors of the Great Hall opened and I looked up to see my lover Sihtric, he quickly closed the doors to keep the winter blizzard outside, he shivered as he clutched his white wolf fur cloak tightly around his body, spotting me at our table, he made his way and sat right beside me. "Astrid." He murmured, he leaned in and kissed me, I closed my eyes and returned his kiss, once we broke off, Sihtric grabbed an empty mug on the table and poured himself some of the freshly brewed ale on the table and took a drink.

Sighing in contentment after taking his first drink, Sihtric turned to me and shook his head. "I still cant believe that Hiccup is alive, and a Danish king no less!" Humming in agreement at his words, I took another drink of my ale and pinched the bridge of his eyes. "That, and he has eclipsed us all in reputation, fame and glory!" Pounding my fist on the table in outrage by being eclipsed by Hiccup the Useless. My lover sighed and looked around the Great Hall to see only a handful of people drinking and warming themselves by the huge fire pit in the center of the room. "Everybody's on edge. We don't know what kind of person Hiccup is now." Sihtric began as he stroked his goatee and continued. "But undoubtedly he is consumed by vengeance and will stop at nothing to make sure we're all dead."

"Sihtric, I came here to forget about that fact, not to be reminded of it." I growled out, causing him to wince at my tone and apologize, he took another drink of ale and nodded. "Well, at least the winter buys us time to make prepare for an attack by Hiccup and his Danish allies." He said, I however looked at my lover like he lost his mind and pointed out. "Hiccup and the five other Danish rulers have millions of warriors and dragons under their command! Even if we sent a call for help to our allies, I don't believe we would win." I groaned out before burying my face into Sihtric's shoulder, he then wrapped his arms around me and kissed my hair. "I won't let him hurt you Astrid, I swear it." He promised, I just hummed in acknowledgment and held my lover as close as I could.

Odin help us all.

(Hiccup's pov)

"SHEILD WALL!!"

My warriors quickly formed a shield wall and I approached the wall smacked the rows of shields with my newly invented sword I named Inferno, it took quite some time to create on my spare time, but I finally created it, and it served me very well in battle, intimidating my enemies and to calm aggressive and wild dragons.

"Upon the overturned keel
Clamber with hearts of steel
Cold is the ocean spray
and your death is on its way."

I sang out and my warriors then got into their secondary defensive positions while still holding their shield wall as they sang the second verse of our shield wall song as they then began to engage in a heated sparring session with each other.

"Be strong though rain beats down
Upon your balding crown
With maidens you had your way
Each must die some day."

Our glorious city of Paris has served as the Danes capital in Frankia, it has taken the Black Danes five long years to conquer this whole new world for our people, we lost many good warriors and friends, but their sacrifices and deaths were not in vain. Every Frankish soldier or citizen that remained after our bloody campaign against their nation are now slaves to the Black Danes, to live out the rest of their lives in labor, our pleasure and our entertainment.

I approached a nearby water basin and took out a clean rag from my satchel and began to wash my sweaty skin. The five years have been very good to my body, my hair was very long, so I had my hair braided into four twists and was kept together by a bridge of hair in the back of my head, the sides of my head were braided, I had a pointy goatee and a mustache above my lips and light stubble on my razor sharp jawline. My body was clean lithe muscle, I had a tattoo of Toothless on my back, Danish tattoo sleeves on my forearms and impressive scars on chest going down my abs and one across my right bicep.

As I was washing my body, I shivered slightly as the cold winter air and snow crept into my bones, though I shook off the cold and focused on the vengeance I'd claim very soon. The thought of massacring the Hairy Hooligans lit a fire inside of me and that thought alone kept me warm.

Turning behind me, I could see Gunhild training a group of younger shield maidens, the sight of her brought a genuine smile to my face. During the five year conquests? Gunhild and I grew closer and closer and we nearly lost each other many times during heated battles with the Franks, but thank the gods we survived and still of Midgard. I pulled out a golden ring out of my pocket and examined it with a smile, I planned on purposing to her very soon.

"Freyr, vi indkalder dig. Vi indkalder dig. Med dette offers blod er nu tiden."

Gunhild cried out in Danish tongue, with her group shield maidens repeating after her and then engaging each other in sparring contests. As I had finished cleaning the sweat off my body, I heard a chuckle and a loud bite behind me, turning around, I laid eyes on Cnut who was messily eating a fat chicken leg. Rolling my eyes at

King Haesten's heir, I acknowledge his presence. "Cnut." Said man turns to me and smirks. "King Haddock." He then turns and gazes at Gunhild who moves like a serpent; fast and sure, swatting away the younger shield maidens attacks with ease and giving some of them fresh cuts across their bodies and sprinkling the streets with their blood, offering it to the goddess Freyr.

"A fortunate man you are Haddock, to have such a woman like Gunhild." Cnut said with a mouthful of chicken, he then swallowed and I could see his eyes darken with lust towards my woman, I snort at him and speak while watching Gunhild sweep a shield maidens legs out from under her and point her sword at another ones neck. "You will point your cock elsewhere Cnut. She's mine, make no mistake." I say firmly, Cnut turns to me and cocks his head. "Touched a nerve did I?" He asked teasingly, turning to the man, I give him a menacing smirk and reply. "Indeed you did. I would advise you don't speak about Gunhild with such... lust anymore Cnut, if you value your life."

King Haesten's son turned to face me fully and asked. "What is it about you that she has taken an interest in? Hmm?" Turning to face Cnut fully, I answer him. "Maybe because I care about more than just her beauty and her skills as a warrior. I care about her well being; if she's feeling lonely? I'm there for her. If she feels guilty about her mothers death? Then I reassure her that her death wasn't her fault." I then lean in closer to Cnut and snarl out. "She's a woman. Not just someone you can forcibly take to satisfy you lust. I like you Cnut, which is why I'm warning you only once, find yourself another woman. Gunhild is mine."

Cnut then chuckles and nods in understanding. "Apologies King Haddock. I will take my leave." He said with a submissive bow of his head, I hummed in agreement and watched him walk away while still eating his chicken leg and cheering on our sparring warriors. Turning back to my beloved, I saw her approach me with a bright smile, I returned her smile and pulled her into a passionate kiss, once breaking apart, I nod at and then gesture to the younger shield maidens who were getting a drink. "Whipping the younglings into shape, hmm?" I asked, Gunhild nodded and unclipped a water skin off her belt and drank from it, when she had her fill of water

she responded. "They all hold great promise of becoming fine warriors. They'll all receive fame and glory among our ranks."

I then put on a crimson tunic over my cold body and strap on my Danish armor before urging Gunhild to walk with me, while walking along the streets of Paris, I could see many of our Danish dragon riders patrolling the skies for anything at sea and on the ground, our warriors patrolled the streets, Danish citizens and other Viking people wandered the streets while dealing with Northern as well as foreign merchants and traders.

"I'm deciding on assembling Cnut, Frodo, Aslaug and Hild into a war council with the intent on destroying Berk." I say while watching slavers auction foreign slaves to our people, Gunhild turned to me and cocked her head. "You intend to attack Berk in the winter?" Turning to my beloved, I nod at her. "They will not expect it. It is the perfect opportunity to attack them." My nose twitching with anger, I then add. "I have waited five years to exact my revenge. I can wait no longer." I then interlace my fingers with Gunhild's and look into her gorgeous eyes. "Do I have your support?" I murmur into her skin, I then began nipping playfully at her neck, causing her to giggle and gasp at the sensations and she murmured back. "Of course you do. But you already knew that."

"Mmm, I know." I purred into her ear, causing her to shiver pleasantly, we then make our way towards the castle which now serves as the home of our kings, queens and military leaders while the rest of Paris belongs to our forces, but since there are still so many of us, we've had to build homes outside the city, which was no problem at all. For the dragons, the Hydra lived outside the city along with the swarms, but the dragons who had bonded with their Danish riders remained in Paris, if we needed the Hydra, I would simply give out the dragon roar and he would come swiftly.

Finally, upon reaching the palace, Gunhild and I make our way to our shared chambers and I strip my armor off approach the nearest window to gaze at our conquered prize. "Such beauty. Such a prize. And it belongs to the Black Danes." I say with pride, turning back to Gunhild, she too stripped out of her armor and gave me a coy smile, she then made her way over towards me and hugged me from behind, wrapping her arms around my toned torso and peppering

my back with gentle and delicate kisses. "I want you." She murmured into my back, I tensed slightly at the prospect of having sex, because deep down? I still held back when it came to sexual desires because of what happened back on Berk.

Gunhild immediately noticed my tension and pulled back. "If you don't want to have sex, then I won't push you my love." She reassured me, turning around to face her, I smile at her in thanks and embrace her, she returned my warm embrace and I whispered in her ear. "Will you marry me?" She broke away from my embrace and her face was twisted with surprise and shock, I then pulled out the golden ring I had made and presented it to her, she gasped at the beauty of it and looked into my eyes. "Of course I will marry you." I grinned at her and slid the ring on her finger before pulling her into a deep kiss, she eagerly returned my kiss and we made our way to our bed to just hold each other and murmur words of love to each other.

Despite everything that has happened to me; being beaten within an inch of my life, suffering humiliation and rejection, being raped and watching Toothless being murdered? I thanked Odin for blessing me with Gunhild. She made me so happy and I would do everything in my power to ensure that she stays happy. Revenge against Berk could wait a little while longer, right now? I just wanted to hold Gunhild close to me and thank the gods for blessing me with such a woman.

A/N: So for those of you who want know what Gunhild looks like, go ahead and look up Alicia Agneson, thats what Gunhild looks like, and for those of y'all who want to see Berk tremble in fear? The wait is is nearing an end. Hiccup and the Danes will sail winter seas back to Norway and to the Barbaric Archipelago to engage the Hairy Hooligans and their allies, so stay tuned for that. And as always, catch y'all in the next update.

Chapter 12: A mother never forgets

(Normal pov)

While Hiccup and Gunhild were getting comfortable in their shared chambers, outside, Danish warriors patrolled the streets, they clutched their fur cloaks tightly around their bodies to keep the cold from creeping into their bones. Nothing was out of the ordinary, the Danish and Viking people all going about their own business, slavers selling their latest stock to the highest bidder, traders and merchants dealing in exotic items and the Danish dragon riders patrolling the sky.

A Danish warrior then heard a dragon roar, yet the roar was unfamiliar, the sun was suddenly blocked and the warrior looked up to see a massive dragon descend and land. The dragon was unlike anything the Dane had seen before, though the warrior knew that this dragon was a male. This dragon had an owl mannerism and a second set of wings under his main set that can splay and become an 'X-wing'. His 'X-wings' beat up and down in sync and is probably used for extremely tight turns, maneuvers, and for fighting foes. He has a very muscular and sturdy build; mainly walking on two legs and his two bottom wings. The dragon's face has two long spines that branch off his nose and to the side with a "smashed" face, much like an owl's. On his back he has spikes that resemble a Skrill's

And to the Danes surprise, the dragon had a rider on top of its back. The dragons rider wore a strange looking helmet with long skinny horns in all directions and had two short tusks in the front of mask, the figure had a large fur hoodie strapped around their shoulders, they had a shield in hand and had a strange looking staff as well.

"You! Who are you?" The warrior demanded, soon, handfuls more of Danish warriors and shield maidens surrounded the large dragon and its rider with weapons at the ready, but the rider then spoke out. "I have heard rumor that... this city was taken by King Hiccup

Haddock III. Is this true?" The warriors grunted in confirmation and were surprised by the female voice that came from underneath that strange mask. "It is. Though not alone, King Haddock and the rest of our Danish kings and queens have conquered the whole of Frankia for the Black Danes!" One of the Danish shield maidens said to the mysterious dragon rider.

Hearing this news, the rider slid off her dragon and approached the nearest warrior and spoke softly. "I wish to have an audience with King Haddock." The warriors and shield maidens all turned to each other and then turned back to this mysterious dragon rider, she was no foreigner, she spoke perfect Norse, and yet she was a stranger. "Why should we grant you an audience with King Haddock woman?" One of the warriors asked, the dragon rider removed her mask and glared into that warriors eyes and spoke four words.

"Because I'm his mother."

(Hiccup's pov)

"Why... are you sssooo... amazing... at this?" Gunhild moaned out as she lay against our bed as I traced kisses along the skin of her exposed stomach. I had ceased my soft kisses upon her lips, to which she made a small pout and a whimper but was quickly rewarded by my tongue leaving a trail of fire along her neck, over her breast bindings and down to where her skin met her legging ... and now came the return journey.

Except I was more urgent and ferocious this time.

I began to use my teeth now; the strong enamel creating sensations she's never experienced. Combined with how my tongue drew intricate patterns along her stomach; and even how it tried to dig deeper into her naval. My hands carried their own attack on her legs, caressing them as if they were feathers that would wilt away at the wrong touch.

That was how she felt every time I touched her... like a feather.

Gunhild couldn't suppress the pleasured yelp when I gently bit her skin, just above her naval. She propped herself on her elbows and brought her head up to see me grinning as I planted another hickey on her pristine stomach. I always knew what made her gasp, yelp and moan, even though we haven't had sex yet. She knew I didn't have any other girl before her... I confessed that to her in the past. Many among our ranks questioned Gunhild how did I know how to pleasure her so well? And why we hadn't even had sex yet.

Her thoughts were cut short when my face came directly in front of hers and captured her lips. She gave no resistance as I laid her back down and let her hands roam my toned chest. I flinched slightly when she brought one of her hands over a new scar I received during sparring. I was still getting used to Gunhild touching me in a sexual or heated manner like this, but she understood my tension completely since it brought back horrible memories of me being raped. Usually when a person goes through an experience like that, they think of home or a loved one to take their mind off the horrible pain inflicted upon them.

I didn't have anyone, besides Toothless at the time. All I thought about was the pain of the words of humiliation and torment thrown my way, each punch and each time I was raped by Snotlout and Tuffnut.

But looking into Gunhild's ocean blue eyes, I could see genuine love in them for me. She wanted to be my escape every time I suffered from bad memories of my time on Berk.

She gently rolled us over, so she was now straddling me, running her hands over my newly inflicted scars, causing me to flinch each time she ran her hand over a new one. She noticed that they were unintentional flinches; even my hands momentarily reaching up to stop her seemed second nature to her. She wanted me to feel safe with her and that she could comfort me every time nightmares of my terrible past would crop up.

She guided her lips over each scar on my chest and stomach, feeling the hard, toned and rough skin leave its imprint on her lips— at the same time imagining the pain I must have felt when the cold Danish steel would slash across my body.

Her warm exhales brought a sense of comfort and security that I could only dream of. Watching her treat me like a delicate flower reminded me why I fell in love with her again. She was capable of displaying limitless amounts of compassion and care.

"King Haddock!"

Gunhild ceased her loving kisses and I growled due to the interruption, the doors of our chamber opened to reveal two of my bodyguards, I glared daggers at them and ordered them to avert their eyes from Gunhild's half nakedness. They did so immediately and I caressed Gunhild's firm and strong thighs before speaking to my bodyguards. "What is it?" I asked in a harsh tone, one of the guards spoke up with his head still bowed. "Lord, there is a woman here for you, she rides a dragon we've never seen before."

I regrettably pry Gunhild off my body and I approach the guards and ask. "A woman?" Both guards lift their heads to face me and nod in confirmation. "Yes Lord Haddock. This woman claims to be... your mother." My heart ceases to beat for at least four seconds, I then pull out a long knife strapped to my leather pants and press the cold steel to the guards throat, the man gasps in fear and swallows thickly as I bare my teeth at him. "What sick game is this?" I demand, the guard in question shakes his head at me and quickly responds. "W-With respect Lord Haddock... she looks very similar to you and has similar qualities you possess."

Gunhild who wrapped herself in a sleek black rope approached me and placed a hand on my shoulder. "I thought your mother was dead." She said, I turned to her and replied back. "I need to see this." I then remove my knife from the guards throat and grab a black robe and throw it over my toned body and order the guards to take me to this... woman who claims to be my long dead mother.

(Ten minutes later)

As me and my two bodyguards moved along the halls of the castle, the guards jogged towards a massive door and opened them for me to pass through, when the doors were opened, I laid eyes on a tall,

lithe and beautiful mid aged woman who wore strange looking armor. She wore orange war paint across her eyes and a thin layer of it under her eyes as well, she has hollow cheekbones, she had blue eyes, auburn hair that was done in three long braids that reached her tail bone, and by the look, she appeared to be in her early forties. She then slowly approached me and I could see tears swimming in the woman's eyes.

"H-Hiccup? Is it really you?"

I took a step back and turned to my guards, silently ordering them to close the doors, they bowed their heads and closed the doors. Turning back to the woman who claimed to be my mother, my lip curls at her and I growl out. "Who are you?" The woman swallows thickly and looks right into my eyes before answering. "I-I... I was once Queen of the Hairy Hooligans and husband to Stoick the Vast. Now? I'm a feral dragon woman who's heard word spread like wildfire that King Hiccup Haddock III and his army of Danes conquer all of Frankia alongside dragons." The woman approaches me and when she was finally within arms length of me, she inspected me from head to toe and gasped as she laid eyes on the small scar on my chin.

She backs away slightly and she chokes out. "It is you. My son!" Dropping her strange looking staff, the woman places her hands over her mouth and I could see the tears in her eyes finally burst and stream down her cheeks.

As for me? I didn't know what to say or even react to this news. T-This was my mother?! No. They said she was killed by dragons!

"If you claim to be my mother... whats the year of my birth?" I demand, the woman sniffles and wipes the tears off her cheeks and answers. "You were born the ninth day of Āprel." Inhaling sharply, I turn away from her and walk around the room while stroking my goatee and heavy with thought. I mean... this woman could be anybody, perhaps she aided my mother in giving birth to me, but before any more theories could pop up in my mind, the woman continued to speak.

"You came early into this world, you were so frail; so fragile, that

your father feared you wouldn't survive your first winter. But... I told him that our son would become the greatest Viking our world has ever seen, that our son will become a warrior that will be above all others and that our son— Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III will become the most legendary Viking on Midgard." The woman then attempted to place a hand on my cheek, but I immediately retreated from her touch and shook my head at her. "My mother is dead!" I seethed out, she shook her head. "No. You were only a babe when I was taken. But a mother *never* forgets her child." She said with regret in her tone, I then began hyperventilating and backed away from her until I then let out an enraged cry and grabbed a nearby vase and smashed it on the ground.

Turning back to this woman, I snarled out. "You truly are my mother?" She flinched in fear at my tone and nodded her head furiously and answered. "I-I am. My name is Valka. Valka Haddock." I could feel tears sliding down my cheeks and I quickly wiped them away and shook my head in disbelief, shock and outrage. "When I was... taken, the dragon that took me wasn't apart of the swarm that dwelled in Helheim's Gate, the dragon that took me belonged to the nest of the Bewilderbeast, the King of Dragons." I look back to Valka and see her rubbing her arm before looking back at me. "It broke my heart to stay away and not come back to you, but I thought you'd be safer if I did."

I scoff at her words and seethed out. "You thought wrong." Marching over to Valka, she backed away in fear that I might strike her in anger, she backed up against the wall and gasped when I was mere inches from her face. "Do you know what your husband and the rest of the Hairy Hooligans did to me in the fifteen years you've been absent?" When she didn't answer, I nodded at her and answered my own question. "Stoick treated me like I was a curse! He dumped all his anger, hatred and pain on me. As did the rest of the village, for fifteen years, I was nothing but Berks punching bag! They beat me within an inch of my life, they humiliated me, hurt me with their words and..." I close my eyes and do everything in my power not to cry, I then finish my sentence. "...I was raped." Valka's eyes widened in horror, disgust and shock.

Backing away from her, I remembered in vivd detail of the night

Snotlout and Tuffnut raped me, how they laughed, taunted me, treated me like a common whore and how easy it was for them to strip away what little innocence I had left. Clenching my hands into fists, I snarled out. "I was raped for *hours.* Against my will, it happened on my fifteen birthday. Two of my tormentors— Snotlout and Tuffnut told me that the teens in the village were throwing me a birthday party, but instead I ended up receiving their cocks." I spat out in disgust, Valka looked like she'd hurl and I could see tears streaming down her face.

Letting out a humorless laugh, I shrugged and continued. "When they finally stopped raping me? They told me that if I told anyone, that they'd do it again. That night, I truly wanted to die. I had nobody who loved me, acknowledged me as a living being and nobody cared about me." I shuddered out, as I sighed heavily, a light smile suddenly graced my lips as I murmured out. "That was... until I met Toothless."

Valka cocked her head an wiped away her tears before asking out. "T-Toothless?" Looking into my mothers eyes, I nod and explain. "Toothless was the very first dragon I bonded with and was a Night Fury." Her eyes widened at this news and I continued. "I had gone to a cove on Berk and cried for hours, that was until Toothless snuck up on me and... instead of killing me like I thought and actually begged him to do... he instead comforted me." A tear slid down my cheek at the memory of Toothless nuzzling into my torso and giving me apologetic croons and warbles.

"That day, Toothless became the only living thing I cared about in Midgard at the time and our friendship blossomed each and every day." I then closed my eyes and my lips trembled as I continued. "Unfortunately, I guess I was followed and someone saw me and Toothless down together in the cove and reported it to Stoick. So he and Berks best warriors came to arrest me and kill Toothless. And the only living being I cared for during that time fell to the battle axe of Astrid Hofferson." I snarled out, my nails imprinting themselves into my palm, I hissed in pain as I saw blood trickling down my palm and droplets landing on the marble floor beneath out feet.

"So, I have sworn to the gods that Berk and all its people will die." I

said turning back to Valka, the woman finally found her voice again and actually pleaded out. "Hiccup, son..." I flinched when she called me that, she had no right to call me that now, she noticed me flinching when she said son and continued speaking. "...Hiccup, killing everyone on Berk won't make you feel better. It won't bring Toothless back."

"Of course I'll feel better." I scoff out. "Those people, hurt me and you're defending them?!" Approaching Valka once more, she tensed in fear as I glared into her eyes with a fire that made her turn away, I cupped her cheek tightly and she whimpered in fear as I leaned in and whispered coldly. "I will burn that island to the ground and sink it to the bottom of the sea, but not before everyone there has learned suffering beyond imagination." Releasing Valka's cheeks, I could see her shrink away in fear and she murmured out. "You can't do this son. I forbid it."

"WHO ARE YOU TO SAY!!" I roared out in outrage, causing Valka to flinch again at my tone, I then point a finger at her and snarl out. "Because "mother" you were never there for me! You chose to stay with dragons and not return to Berk and be there for me!!" Shaking my head at her, I scoffed out. "You chose to live amongst dragons rather than be on Berk and protect your one and only son!" My harsh words were like a slap to Valka and she then sobbed out in shame and regret, I then turn towards the doors and bark out. "Guards!!"

My body guards open the doors and bow their heads at me. "Yes King Haddock?" I then turn to Valka and sneer at her. "Get this woman out of my sight. Do not allow her to return!" My bodyguards nodded in understanding and seized Valka's arms and led her out, but Valka then cried out. "Hiccup!! Please!! I'm your mother!!" I then turn to her and could see her eyes were full of pleading; begging me not to cast her out and to not take this path of vengeance. Instead, I replied back to her cooly. "You had your chance to save me from the hell I once called home. You're not my mother. For my mother died when I was a babe." My words caused Valka's face to twist with sheer agony.

Good.

Let her feel the sting of rejection and know just how painful it is.

When my guards closed the doors, I approached the nearest window and roared out in fury and punched straight through the window, causing glass to shatter and fall down, I groaned in pain as I saw my bloody knuckles. Clutching my shaking hand, I then cry out again. "Guards!!" Once more, another pair of bodyguards enter the room and bow their heads. "Yes King Haddock?" I turn to them and snarl out. "Inform the other Danish rulers that I wish to sail to Berk in three days time. I wish to wipe those dogs off the face of Midgard." The guards bow their heads and head off to inform the other Danish rulers of my intentions.

Looking back out the window, I gaze at the horizon and snarl out. "Enjoy your remaining days Hairy Hooligans. Your past returns to haunt you."

Chapter 13: Back from the dead

(Valka's pov)

It's been three days since I visited Hiccup in Paris and his reaction towards my well being was... well shocking is a gross understatement.

"You chose to live amongst dragons rather than be on Berk and protect your one and only son!"

My sons words were stilling ringing inside my head for days on end, and the harsh sting of his words made me realize just how... selfish I was. He was right, I cared too much about the dragons and decided to stay away rather than stay and protect my only son from the horrors that were inflicted upon him.

::Valka, tell me what is wrong. You have had a bitter mood for three moons::

Cloudjumper warbled gently, I looked down to see my faithful dragons head turned to me, I smiled sadly at my dragon and caressed his head gently. "My son spoke to me as if he wanted absolutely nothing to do with me. And he has every right to push me away." I whimpered as I closed my eyes and could feel tears stinging my eyes. "I knew the consequences of staying with you and the Bewilderbeast, that I could never return to my old life as a Viking and pretend to be someone I wasn't." A tear slid down my eye and I shuddered out. "The things those... animals did to my son... oh my poor boy."

::He is like you, is he not?::

"Hiccup was different the moment he entered this world

Cloudjumper. I knew he would be the greatest Viking on Midgard, and he already is!" I replied to my dragons question, turning around I continued speaking. "He was the first of his generation to train a dragon; bond with it and love that dragon as if it were his own brother. But... with that very first dragon he bonded with gone? He thirsts for vengeance and I fear what killing all the Hairy Hooligans will do to my son." I sighed heavily, remembering the raw anger, hatred and malice in Hiccup's voice, just mentioning his past and the people of Berk.

And it scared me greatly.

::What do you want to do? Your son has already rejected you and claims he wants nothing to do with you. What now?::

Closing my eyes, I realize now what I have to do. Something I should have done ages ago. Looking down to Cloudjumper, I answer him.

"I think it's time I pay Berk a visit and see for myself what kind of a man my husband has become."

(Stoick's pov)

"Chief Stoick, we have all heard the stories of your very famous son Hiccup Haddock, who is now King Haddock. He, along with five other Danish rulers have conquered the whole of Frankia in five years with the millions of warriors at their command and with the aid of dragons! And... you're asking us to aid you and Berk to fight against such forces of man and dragon?!"

I sighed heavily and stared into the eyes of Ivar the Witless, Chieftain of the Stone-head tribe, the man was bulky in muscle, he had brown eyes, his hairstyle was a spiky mohawk yet the rest of his head was bald that had tattoos on his head and runes tattooed on the side of his head and he had razor sharp brunette beard. He wore a grey tunic, a brown leather belt and a buckle that held the Stone-head tribe emblem, black leather boots and he was draped in

a bear fur cloak.

"Yes Ivar, Hiccup is hellbent on reclaiming vengeance for the death of abomination and for what we did to him, and you and the Stone-head armies would be of great help to us in defeating Hiccup and his army of Danes and dragons." I boomed out while pounding a fist to the armrest of my throne, I then leaned forward and added. "I will give you anything you wish for you and your tribes aid to our defense."

Ivar stroked his beard and then looked back up at me with pursed lips before speaking his desires. "I wish for ten thousand furs and pelts for my people to keep themselves warm. Eight thousand pounds weight in gold, silver and precious stones and one thousand pounds weight of meat and grain." I inhaled sharply at Ivar's desires and spoke firmly. "You ask a very high price Witless." Ivar smiled lightly and shrugged. "That is the price of our alliance. Or do you wish for your son and his army of man and dragon to wipe you and your people off the face of Midgard?"

Growling at the smugness in Ivar's tone, I nodded and looked into his eyes. "Very well, expect the payment in full within three moons time." Ivar bowed his head and exited the Great Hall, when the doors closed, I pinched the bridge of my eyes and sighed heavily. With Ivar the Witless and the Stone-head tribe among our ranks, that makes four tribes in total allied with us, the four being the Bog Burglars, Thunder-head tribe, Meathead tribe and Tree-root tribe.

But even the numbers we have among our own people and the numbers of our allies warriors, they're not enough. Ragnarök is coming closer and closer to our doorstep and we aren't prepared for the numbers of both Danes and dragons Hiccup will throw at us.

Getting up and off of my throne, I approach the nearest table and pour myself a mug of ale and take a drink and cradle the headache I have. Our sins have consequences and now they have come back to haunt us. Gripping my mug tightly, I let out a roar and hurl the mug against the nearest pillar, causing the ale to fly everywhere and wet the ground. I am afraid, for the first time in a very long time, I am afraid for the fate of my people, our legacy and our home of seven generations. Looking up to the ceiling, I feel a tear

slide down my cheek and I moan out hopelessly and with despair.

"Odin... help us all."

(Fishleg's pov)

I had questions.

And Sigurd the Wise was the only ones that could answer the questions I had.

Making my way inside the Great Hall, I could see the whole tribe was inside feasting and keeping warm by the fires, I could see the chief running a hand through his hair and gathering the Hooligan council for words, our chief looked tired, angry and desperate. Nobody could blame him at all, he was like a chicken with its head cut off; scrambling for allies who would aid us to repeal Hiccup and his hordes of Danes and dragons.

I then lay eyes on Sigurd sitting with some of the older people of Berk, so I walk to where our seer was seated and cleared my throat to gain the wise ones attention. Sigurd turned his eyes to me and then turned to his elderly companions to leave, they vacated the table and left me to speak wit the seer alone.

"Fishlegs Ingerman, son of Mooselegs and Rindr Ingerman. What is it you wish to know?" Sigurd asked me while eating slices of chicken, I sat across from our seer and cleared my throat before asking my question. "When Hiccup comes for vengeance, will he... spare any of us? Specifically those who didn't hurt him?" Sigurd ceased his chewing and looked into my eyes before smiling lightly. "Ah, you wish to know if you, elder Gothi and our blacksmith Gobber will be spared from the fire that will consume Berk." I nod in confirmation and the old man merely giggles before swallowing his food and speaking once more. "Wait and see young Fishlegs."

I snorted lightly at the seers words, but decided not to push him for a clearer answer. The gods work and mysterious ways and perhaps they will sway Hiccup to spare my life.

I hope.

(Astrid's pov)

Sihtric and I lay naked and entwined together after making love and we were just now letting the feeling our powerful climaxes fade away. We were inside the very same cove where I killed Hiccup's pet dragon and where Useless himself was arrested for his treason. Looking towards my lover, I caress his cheek lovingly and he leans into my touch and kisses my palm. "I certainly hope that this isn't the last time we have sex." I murmur, Sihtric hums in agreement and pulls me into his chest. "Don't worry, it won't be." He reassures me, I place my head on his chest and place a kiss over his heart as we just hold each other close and wrap ourselves in the furs while keep ourselves warm by the fire we made.

It was freezing outside and snowing lightly, winter was at our doorstep as was the threat of Hiccup and his hordes of Danes and dragons. The thought of our very likely demises causes me to nuzzle deeper into Sihtric's neck and I hug him even tighter, he pulls me closer and kisses my sweat soaked hair. "Don't be afraid Astrid." He murmurs, I shake my head and whimper out. "I can't help it. I, Fearless Astrid Hofferson am afraid of what Hiccup will unleash upon us. I'm terrified."

Sihtric gently cups my cheek and I look into his eyes, he gives me a reassuring smile and caresses my still sensitive skin. "If we die? Than I'll die with a smile. Knowing we'll meet again in Valhalla where we will continue to be lovers and feast with the gods themselves!" His words comfort me somewhat, but I still fear what will happen to us all. My lover pulls me back into his chest and whispers words of love into my ear while kissing my hair, so I decide to just cast aside the fear inside my mind and enjoy this intimate moment with Sihtric, for however long it lasts.

(Snotlout's pov)

Gods, I hated winter. Especially when I was tasked to fish! My teeth threatened to chatter right out of my skull as I wrapped myself as tightly as I could with my thick bear fur cloak, though I was

mindful to keep my rod tightly clutched in hand. The last five years for me have been... frustrating to say the least. Stoick renounces me as Berks rightful heir and chooses Astrid to be his heir!

That adds one more reason to hate the Hofferson family, for stealing the Jorgensons rightful claim to the throne.

But hearing the news of Useless being alive and him being a king? I laughed the first time I heard it, but day by day, month by month and year by year? More and more traders, merchants and slavers come to Berk and tell us all that Useless had become a battle hardened warrior and has six more Night Fury's under his command, as well as a five headed dragon the size of a bloody mountain! By conquering Frankia? Useless has now eclipsed all of us in reputation, fame and glory.

That thought alone made my blood boil with outrage.

Finally another fish latched on to my fishing rod and I reeled in my catch, I was wearing thick gloves as well to keep my fingers warm and not allow them to be exposed to this cruel cold. Placing my final catch of the day into my bucket, I sigh heavily and with contentment as the bucket is filled to the brim with fish and I grasp the bucket and walk back to the village to place these fish into the storehouse.

My thoughts go back to the time me and Tuffnut raped Hiccup, the way it was so easy to strip my weakling cousin of what little innocence he had left. The thought would have caused me to chuckle in amusement, but now? I regret it. Of course I would never say that out loud, but now I fear that mine and Tuffnut's actions towards my cousin will cost us greatly.

"Stupid Useless! Why couldn't you have just stayed dead!" I grumbled to myself as I kicked a pebble and glared at the ground intensely. Before I could continue to dwell on the past, I was tripped by two pairs of legs and I dropped my bucket full of fish and I turned to see the mutton heads— Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston cackling at the rage etched on my face. "I just finished fishing you idiots!!" I snarled at them while quickly picking up the fish that were on the muddy ground and wiped the wet dirt off the

food.

"We know. Which is what makes it funny." Ruffnut said with a teasing smirk, her girlish body had matured and her feminine curves stood out more, her hair was longer than ever and was done in a dreadlock ponytail style. She wore a dark yellow tunic and black leather armor over her tunic, she wore dark grey leggings, black leather boots and a white wolf fur draped over her shoulders.

Tuffnut's hair was in dreads as well, he tied his dreadlocks into a ponytail as well and he had a mustache above his lips and a goatee on his chin. He wore a light green tunic, black leather armor over his tunic, he too wore dark grey leggings, black leather boots and had white wolf fur draped over his shoulders.

"Ruffnut and I saw how cold you were little Snotty, so we thought screwing you over would make you even more mad." Tuffnut snickered out, I smiled at him and slapped him across the face with one of the muddy fish, he grunted in pain and fell on his back while clutching his stinging cheek. "Idiots." I murmur and walk away, but Ruffnut and Tuffnut soon follow me to the storehouse and begin speaking. "So... when do you think Hiccup will come to kill us all?" Tuffnut asked casually, Ruffnut turned to her brother and shrugged. "Definitely not during the winter. He'd be a fool to a attack us this time of the year."

"Hiccup is many things, but he's certainly no fool." I say out loud, causing both Ruffnut and Tuffnut to look at me like I grew two heads, I turned to them and shrugged. "What? He may not have been Viking material but... he did have a clever mind, as much as I hate to admit it." Finally reaching the storehouse, I finish cleaning the muddy fishes and place them where the other fish were stored and turned back to the two twins. "Where's Fishface?" I ask curiously, both Ruffnut and Tuffnut look at each other before turning back to me. "Don't know. Probably stuffing his face in the Great Hall." Ruffnut said casually. I hum in acknowledgment and finish storing the last of the fish and urge the twins to follow me, when we close the doors to the storehouse we hear a loud roar in the air.

A dragons roar.

Suddenly, a massive dragon lands and it turns to us and roars out at us; its hot breath visible before us and we back away in fear at the sight of such a dragon. But what shocked us even more was that this dragon had a rider on its back. The rider was draped in thick bear fur and wearing very strange looking armor, a mask covered the riders face which had long spikes coming off the mask and two tusks coming out of the front.

The rider then turned to us and pointed a very strange looking staff at us and barked out over the snow and wind. "Where is Stoick the Vast?" Ruffnut, Tuffnut and I couldn't form any words, due to shock at the prospect of a dragon rider before us. The rider then snarled out us. "You will answer!!" The dragon bared its teeth at us and its maw glowed with fire, that snapped us out of our shock and awe and we pointed towards the Great Hall.

"H-He's in the Great Hall!! As are the rest of the village!" I squeaked out, the rider huffed in acknowledgment, though through the mask, the riders voice was definitely female, which shocked me even more. This female dragon rider then urged her dragon to fly towards the Great Hall, turning to Ruffnut and Tuffnut, we quickly followed the rider and to warn our chief.

(Stoick's pov)

"That is an absurd some chief! And you agreed to these terms?!" Mildew asked in disbelief as I and the Hooligan council were gathered discussing the price for Ivar the Witless's support to our defense. Turning to Mildew, I snarled out. "I did Mildew. We need the Stone-head tribes aid if we are to push Hiccup and his hordes back!" Mildew lowered his head in submission to my tone, turning to the rest of the council, I raise my eyes at them. "Does anyone else disagree with my actions?" When no-one said a word, I nodded and turned back to the map of Norway and discuss who to extend aid to next until the doors of the Great Hall opened to reveal a—

"DRAGON!!!"

Everyone in the Great Hall bolted out of their chairs, the warriors and shield maidens grasped shields and drew their weapons and formed a shield wall, the sight of our warriors in defensive positions caused the large dragon to snarl and spread its wings out to further intimidate my people.

Wait.

That dragon, I've seen that dragon before. Its the very same dragon that took my beloved wife.

Snotlout Jorgenson and those two Thorston twins suddenly stumbled behind the dragon and my nephew spoke up with chattering teeth. "U-Uncle! D-Dragon!!" He said while pointing towards the devil who took away my son and moon. "Yes Snotlout I can see that. Now stay quiet." I snarl out, turning to back to the dragon, I was shocked to see a rider on its back. Before I could speak, the rider slid off the dragon and removed their mask and when that happened? The whole room gasped and my whole world turned upside down.

"Its Queen Valka!"

"She lives?!! But how?"

"How is this possible?"

My heart threatened to burst out of my chest as a whirlwind of emotions swirled inside of me, I then choked out. "V-Valka?" My wife nodded her head at me, though her face was hardened and held... anger. Valka then approached me and I approached her, I opened my arms to embrace her, but she then curled her hand into a fist and struck me across the face.

The blow of her punch echoed across the hall and everyone gasped as I fell to my knee and cradled placed a hand over where I was struck. Turning back to my wife, I was about to question why she did that, but her face made a shiver of fear run down my spine. "How dare you." She seethed out to me, then looking towards everyone inside the Great Hall, she screamed out. "HOW DARE YOU!!!" Tears then slid down her cheeks as she spoke loudly and

firmly. "What you all did to my son? I am beyond disgusted! You who claim to be Vikings." Valka then turned to me and pointed her strange curved staff right in my face. "How could allow our son to be tortured by his own people?!!"

"Val, I—"

"I visited him in Paris three moons ago." She announced, her face then twisted with hurt and sadness. "If you've seen what our son has become..." She murmured, I cocked my head and stammered out. "W-What has he become?" Valka looked into my eyes and growled out. "Someone who wants to massacre this entire island!" She shook her head and continued. "He is a monster of our own creation. You all hurt him in some way. I hurt him by staying away." She said with regret and sadness, she then looked back into my eyes and spoke once more. "He will come here with a vengeance and kill everyone last one of you." She then turned away to leave, but I quickly grabbed her arm to stop her, her dragon snarled but Valka held the beast off before turning back to me. "Y-You're alive?!" I asked in disbelief, she nodded in confirmation before ripping her arm out of my grasp and snarling out at me. "I'm going back to my son and join him in his fight against you and Berk."

"Valka—"

"You abandoned him Stoick!! OUR SON!!!" She shrieked in outrage before baring her teeth at me. "You cast our son aside because he wasn't Viking enough for you?!" She then shook her head and scoffed. "Thats not the Stoick I knew. The Stoick I knew would've raised our son and would've protected him from the horrors your animals inflicted upon him! But no, you allowed our son to be beaten, tormented, humiliated and raped!!"

Gasps filled the air at the mentioning of 'rape' and I could see Snotlout and Tuffnut flinch, causing me to cock my head at them in suspicion before turning back to my wife. "Valka... please don't leave me." I begged her, but she then returned to her dragon and climbed back on before giving me a glare that made me uncomfortable in my own skin. "You are no longer the man I once loved. You and this... place are the architect of our sons suffering. When he returns? I will be by his side and the next time we meet? I

will kill you."

Valka's words knocked all the air out of my lungs, she then placed her mask back over head and urged her dragon to fly off, the dragon spread its large wings and took off out the doors of the Great Hall and disappeared in the sky.

"VALKA!!!"

I screamed out while racing back outside to see my wife and her dragon once more disappear in the clouds. Falling to my knees, I let tears pour down my eyes at the realization of what I did to my son crashed down on top of me like a tidal wave.

A father loves, protects and raises their son! I... I never did that for Hiccup. Instead I abused him, humiliated him and tortured him just like everyone else here. I then lower my head in absolute shame as I sob out.

"What have I done?"

Chapter 14: I trust you

(Hiccup's pov)

Sailing during the winter was an insane prospect, because if the storms didn't kill you? Exposure to hypothermia for many days certainly will.

But my thirst for revenge kept a fire blazing in my gut and I didn't even feel the cold air creeping into my bones, or didn't care that the snow falling on top of me and it sticking to my exposed skin, all I felt was the fire inside me and that was all the warmth I needed.

Looking to my right and left, I could see each of the Danish rulers dreadnaughts sailing along side mine and behind us was our entire fleet as well was the swarms of dragons and the Hydra. Also, each of the Danish rulers had bonded with the four other Night Fury's, they had bonded during the five year conflict we had with the Franks.

As we continued to sail, I laid eyes on very familiar mountain ranges that stuck up like massive claws, which those familiar with that land know as Claw Island. Its quite a famous hunting island for those who go out into the wilderness and prove themselves to their people and folk that they have matured and become man or woman. But more importantly, Claw Island told me that we were back in Norway, and that Berk is not far.

Sighing heavily, I order my captain to send word to Gunhild's dreadnaught and inform her that I require her presence on board my dreadnaught— Fury Rider. Within fifteen minutes tops, Gunhild landed on the deck of my ship while on top of Azure, my beloved slid off her bonded dragon and cocked her head at me. "You summoned me?" I nodded and took her hand and led her to my chambers.

Once entering my chambers, I stripped off my heavy fur cloak, leather armor, and boots, once those articles of clothing were

stripped, I sat on my bed and waited for Gunhild to follow my example and sit next to me. Looking into her gorgeous eyes, I shake my head and speak. "I feel as if I was... too harsh on my mother." I had revealed everything to Gunhild after I had cast Valka out of Paris, I told my beloved that my mother was in fact alive after twenty years and the fact that she chose dragons over me! That still made my blood boil, she could've at least return and taken me away from all the pain and suffering I've endured.

"Do you really believe you were too harsh on your mother?" Gunhild asked, she then placed a hand on my knee and continued. "She did abandon you after all. You had every right to be angry with her." I nodded and then countered. "Yes, but I could see that my mother was... genuinely saddened that she missed out the twenty years of my life; that she didn't raise me, wasn't there for me or wasn't there to protect me." Sniffling slightly, I scoff lightly and look right into Gunhild's eyes. "Should I give her a chance to make amends?" She smiled warmly at me and kissed my lips softly, gods, her lips tasted divine as I kissed her back.

When we broke the intimate kiss, she caressed my stubbled cheek lovingly and murmured. "You only have one mother my love. I lost mine in battle, yet she was always there for me. But you? If you forgive her and welcome her with open arms? You won't regret it." I smiled at her words and pressed my forehead against hers, she sighed happily as we pressed foreheads together and caressed each others cheeks. "I cannot thank Odin enough for blessing me with such an incredible woman." I murmur, causing Gunhild to giggle lightly and reply back. "It is the same for me."

I remove my forehead from my beloved's and look deeply into her eyes and speak boldly. "I want you." Her eyes widened in shock and surprise, we have never had sex in the five years of our relationship, we've only engaged in heated make out sessions and caressing bare skin, but no sex or foreplay. Gunhild took my hands in hers and gave them a gentle squeeze as she cocked her head at me. "Are you sure Hiccup? I don't want you to rush--"

"I'm not rushing. I-I'm not going to let my past cripple me any longer. What those... animals did to me? Is in the past. Right now in the present? All I want is to show you just how much I love you." I

kiss her forehead and smile at her before murmuring. "I trust you." Gunhild smiled widely at me and murmured back. "Alright. I trust you too." We then leaned in and kissed each other deeply and passionately.

This was finally happening. And I planned on making every second of this pleasurable.

(Normal pov)

The kissing between them was deep, passionate, and endless. Gunhild's arms were wrapped around Hiccup's neck as his arms were on either side of Gunhild's head, running his fingers through her off blond hair. Both of their hearts were racing with excitement and anticipation, their tongues in a constant battle for dominance over the other. Hiccup's hands moved down to her curvy hips and waist and pulled her up with him, now standing up beside the bed as he moved behind her and kissed her neck, then left a chain across her neck of kissing leading from one shoulder to the other. Gunhild breathed out with a smile as Hiccup's hands now moved up and down her sides and arms, he smiled using one hand to turn her head and kiss her lips again, Gunhild let out a soft moan. Gunhild turned in his arms, their bodies pressed together now as Gunhild removed the crimson tunic he was wearing. Hiccup smiled as Gunhild rubbed his broad shoulders gently, he kissed her again as his hands moved up her body and under her ocean blue tunic which he began to lift up, Gunhild blushed as she raised her arms up letting Hiccup remove her tunic and toss it beside his own tunic. Gunhild covered her breasts now looking down, Hiccup placed a finger under her chin and lifted her head so she'd look at him. "Don't hide it, you're beautiful Gunhild." Hiccup whispered to her. She smiled at him now as Hiccup moved his hands to hers and slowly lowered her own down to her sides. Hiccup then ran his hands up her back softly causing her to shiver slightly and bury her face against Hiccup's shoulder.

"That feels good... you have incredibly soft hands." Gunhild murmured slowly as Hiccup continued to give her back a light

massage. Gunhild blushed as she slowly moved her hands to remove Hiccup's leather pants, the young king helped his beloved remove his pants until his clean, lean and toned body was completely exposed to her. Gunhild too removed the rest of her clothing and pressed her body to Hiccup's. She ran her fingers over his broad shoulders and down his arms, then his chest and stomach. Hiccup wasn't bulky or large like the majority of the Danish male warriors, but under the clothing, Hiccup was very well built. Gunhild was able to see and feel every muscle of Hiccup's upper half, it made her blush darker. Hiccup chuckled some as he pulled her against him, their upper bodies touching now and leaned in to capture her lips again, his hand on her back to support her as he laid her down on his bed now, deepening the kisses once more as he kept himself over her on his knees being one on each side of her slim figure. Hiccup's kisses moved to her jaw line, then neck. Gunhild's moans were becoming more consistent as Hiccup's hands moved to her plush breasts, it caused the young Danish queen to gasp a bit at the feeling.

"You still okay?" Hiccup asked her gently.

"Mmhm, I am." Gunhild replied with a smile. Hiccup smiled as he massaged her breasts evenly, doing the same to both. Gunhild's moaned louder now as her hands rose to run though his auburn hair. Hiccup adjusted his legs and laid on top of her now as he kissed her nipple, then began to lick and suck on it as he massaged the other breast. "A-ah... Hiccup..." She moaned closing her eyes letting him continue. After five minutes, Hiccup massaged the one he'd been licking and sucking, and moved to kiss the other, doing the same as before. Hiccup looked up in between to make sure she was still enjoying herself. See that she was he continued, he moved lower. As he did he lightly breathed on her soaking flower, Gunhild blushed a dark red now as she looked at him.

"Its okay... trust me." Hiccup murmured as he smiled at her. Gunhild laid back down and nodded at him to keep going. Hiccup nodded in response to her as he spread her legs a bit, looking up to make sure she was okay. Hiccup turned his attention to her womanhood, he placed a soft kiss on it, Gunhild bit her lip after moaning. Hiccup smiled as he was laying on his stomach now as he

lightly kissed her womanhood again feeling her shiver with excitement. He moved his hands closer to her and used his thumbs to spread her lips apart, he moved his head in began to lick up and down. Gunhild instantly arched moaning out as Hiccup continued.

"Mmm, ah... Hiccup..." She moaned to him, gripping and pulling his hair slightly. Hiccup ran his tongue up and down, tracing small circles around her clit, thrusting his tongue in and out of her tight entrance. Gunhild's eyes widened with pleasure, throwing her head back moaning out loudly. "Hiccup... it.. it feels so good... ah!" Gunhild moaned, she bit her lip not wanting the whole crew of Hiccup's dreadnaught to hear them having sex, that would be incredibly embarrassing and angering for them both. In between this, Hiccup began to lick and suckle her clit, he then moved on hand over an ran just two fingers over her hot and soaked womanhood and began to massage her lightly. Hiccup slowly teased her entrance with his finger, she arched again as Hiccup then pushed his finger inside of her, she moaned out trying to move her legs. Hiccup glanced up at her as he continued, seeing she liked it so much he inserted a second finger and thrust them in and out of her core at a steady pace. "Oh gods! Hiccup... please... don't stop!" Gunhild pleaded him.

"I won't..." Hiccup replied with a smile as he picked up the pace, he continued his thrusts with his fingers and licking at her clit for fifteen minutes before Gunhild had enough, she began panting heavily and reaching for his face to bring him up to her. Hiccup licked his lips clean of her nectar as he then moved up and kissed her lips again. Gunhild tucked a leg under his and rolled to flip him so she was now on top of him with a smirk almost. "What are you doing?" Hiccup asked her. Gunhild kissed him again, down his chest and mid-section to his erect cock.

"Returning the favor..." Gunhild replied as she then wrapped her hand around his length gently and lowered her lips to the tip of his cock, she placed a small kiss on the tip before taking him to her mouth. Hiccup moaned softly as he laid his head back on the pillow while she sucked on him. Gunhild swirled her tongue around his cock while stroking him up and down.

"Oh Gunhild..." Hiccup moaned out as she continued her actions to

his length. Gunhild's azure eyes opened to look at him, she began to go faster now. "Ky–gah... Gunhild... I won't last long if you keep that up..." Hiccup groaned a bit. Gunhild smiled as she stopped and looked up at him. Hiccup smiled as he sat up now and leaned in to kiss to kiss her passionately. Gunhild smiled kissing him back now as he laid her down and crawled over her. Gunhild kept her hands wrapped around his neck as Hiccup positioned his shaft her entrance now, both were panting and staring in to one another's eyes. "Are you ready?" Hiccup asked her softly.

"Mmhm. Yes, I am." Gunhild replied softly as she caressed Hiccup's cheek lovingly.

"If I hurt you, let me know... and I'll stop." Hiccup told her, Gunhild nodded as she held on to his arms while he slowly pushed in her, just the head being in made Gunhild tense up in pain, closing her eyes tightly and Hiccup stopped.

"No no... its okay..." Gunhild told him quickly making sure he didn't try to pull out.

"Gunhild, I'm hurting you..." Hiccup protested now, worry in his eyes.

"Its going to hurt either way, whether now or in a year from now... its because its our first time... just do it." Gunhild encouraged him.

"No way, Gunhild. I'm not going to hurt you more..." Hiccup told her. Gunhild wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled herself up a bit to press her head to his.

"Do it. Go fast. That way I can feel it all at once and have it be done, rather than feel it slowly... please... don't stop now... please Hiccup?" Gunhild pleaded him. Hiccup sighed, he couldn't deny her. And she was right, it'd hurt her no matter when they did it.

"Alright, I'll do it." Hiccup said, he leaned down and kissed her deeply, once in their heated kiss. Hiccup pushed himself in her all the way. Gunhild cried out in pain in to the kiss, she gripped his back raking her nails across him. Tears filled her eyes as she closed them and buried her face in his shoulder whimpering slightly.

"Ssh... its okay... just take a few breaths and try to relax your body... I'm sorry... I didn't want to hurt you..." Hiccup said to her kissing her cheek softly. Gunhild and Hiccup stayed perfectly still in that position for close to 10 minutes before she laid back and looked at him.

"You can move now, just go slow okay?..." Gunhild told him taking a few more breaths and bracing herself for it. Hiccup nodded and began to move his hips slowly, bringing his shaft in and out of her. Gunhild got used to it rather quickly and began to moan after 10 minutes, she gripped his shoulders and smiled beginning to move with his thrusts. "Mm... Hiccup... faster..." She asked him. Hiccup smiled as he started to pick up speed in his thrusts.

"Better?" He moaned looking at her.

"Oh yes... ah... more!" Gunhild moaned out. Hiccup was happy to oblige her as he began to go harder and faster, they were both moaning and panting now, the more Gunhild asked for the more Hiccup gave. After twenty minutes Gunhild had smiled at him and asked to change positions. Hiccup pulled out and laid down as Gunhild climbed on top of him, pushing herself Gunhild on his shaft, she moaned out loudly and began to ride him, rocking her hips back and forth on him. Hiccup's hands rested on her curvy hips, caressing her beautiful body as she then began to bounce up and down on his cock. Hiccup's hands moved to her breasts, massaging them as he had earlier. Gunhild loved the way it felt as she then clasped her hands over his.

"Gunhild, oh gods..." Hiccup moaned out throwing his head back, holding her hips once more he began to thrust his hips upwards in to her. Gunhild moaned loudly, they both did. It felt amazing. The two of them switched positions about two more times in the course two hours. They had done where Gunhild was on her hands and knees, Hiccup thrusting from behind. Also where they were on their sides, Hiccup holding one of Gunhild's legs up. As they both got closer to their climaxes, they were back in the position of Hiccup on top of Gunhild, his knees tucked behind him and his hands on either side of her head. Gunhild's legs were wrapped around his waist bringing him closer to her with each thrust.

"Ah.. Hiccup... I'm going to... c-cum!" Gunhild moaned out. Hiccup groaned as he kept thrusting in to her.

"Me too, Gunhild... cum with me! Ah!" Hiccup moaned out as he thrust a few more times before cumming hard within her, coating her walls with his seed. Gunhild moaned out wrapping her arms around his neck and yelling out as she came with him, her juices squirting from her core and soaking his cock. Hiccup fell on her gently, both of them panting, their bodies coated in a thick layer of sweat as they lay there with the lingering effects of their orgasms pulsating through them.

"I love you Hiccup..." Gunhild whispered softly with her eyes closed.

"I love you too, Gunhild..." Hiccup smiled as he picked himself up and pulled out slowly. Hiccup groaned a bit as he laid beside her, pulling the covers over them and snuggling up behind Gunhild, his arms wrapped around her figure. They shared another loving kiss as they both fell to sleep with wide smiles spread across their faces.

Chapter 15: Your past comes back to haunt you

(Stoick's pov)

"You did what?!!"

Snotlout and Tuffnut winced at my tone as I had questioned them why they looked uncomfortable in their own skin when Valka had revealed Hiccup was raped. So I questioned my nephew and the Thorston boy about the subject and they tried lying to me, but I told them if they didn't tell me the truth? The consequences for lying to me would be dire.

So they revealed what they did to Hiccup on his fifteenth birthday late that night. How they raped him for hours and threatened him if he told anyone, they'd rape him again. I let out a disbelieving cry of rage as I flipped the nearest table, mugs and jugs of ale spilling everywhere and clattering on the ground. Turning back to these two idiot boys, I then snarled out. "Get out of my sight! NOW!!!" They winced at my tone and fled my sight in the blink of an eye, crying out in disbelief and rage I punched the wall of my home and huffed and puffed.

Taking a seat near my fire pit, I place my face in my hands and shake my head in utter disbelief, disgust and outrage towards Snotlout and Tuffnut. I-I could've prevented this, all of this! If I just did my duty as a parent and actually raise Hiccup, none of this would be happening!

A knock on my door caused me to sigh and get up to answer, when the door opened, I was shocked and surprised to see Gobber the Belch standing before me. The man had been out traveling the world for so long, none of us thought he'd ever return to Berk, especially now. "Gobber. Come in." I said, the man nodded and

entered my home, he noticed the flipped over table and mugs and jug of ale on the ground and turned to me. "Another day in paradise eh chief?" He asked jokingly, I however grunted and closed the door before turning back to my life long friend. "Why have you come back Gobber? Surely you've heard about Hiccup by now."

"I have. I came back because... I need to see with my own two eyes what kind of person he's become. And... and attempt to give you and Berk a second chance." Gobber replied, the man then removed his thick heavy fir cloak off and sat next to the fire while poking the burning logs with the poker, I sat next to my friend and watched the fire dancing before my eyes. "He won't spare us Gobber. Any of us." I murmured out, he turned to me and nodded. "Maybe. Or maybe you and this whole bloody village ought to swallow their pride and accept the fact that what you did to your son was wrong and apologize to the lad."

"He won't accept my apology!" I growled out before continuing. "I know he won't accept my apology. He'll destroy us all for what we all did to him." Gobber then looked into the fire and scratched his bald head before speaking again. "He's close by Stoick. The ship that brought me back said that millions of Danish ships and swarms of dragons are heading straight for Berk." Turning back to me, he cocked his head. "Have you asked for support to Berks allies?" I nod in confirmation. "Aye. The latest to join us is Ivar the Witless, chief of the Stone-head tribe, they along with the Bogs, Meatheads, Thunderhead and Tree-root tribes have pledged their support to us."

"Hiccup will have a million more warriors." Gobber stated, sighing heavily, I pinch the bridge of my nose and nod. "I know." Shaking my head once more, I murmur out hoarsely. "It is useless. Hiccup doesn't wish for battle. He wishes to wipe us out!" Gobber patted my back as a gesture of encouragement and support. "I wish I could tell you everything would be alright Stoick, but that would be an outright lie." Turning to Gobber, the man gave me a light smile and shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you old friend." Snorting lightly, I return Gobber's light smile and nod in agreement.

"Me neither my friend. Me neither."

(Astrid's pov)

Having finished my training for the day, I was sleeked in sweat and approached a barrel full of water and began to wash the sweat off my body. The early morning was freezing and the water was even more so, but as Vikings? We're used to pain, hardship and harsh climate, so I didn't let such things slow me down.

I had heard the news that the long thought to be dead Valka Haddock turned up here just yesterday and that she rode a dragon and was branded a traitor like her son. The thought of bonding with dragons? It was utterly ridiculous and a fools gambit!! Those devils deserve to be hunted down and killed and they should learn to fear a Vikings wrath.

After washing away the sweat off my body, I dry off and wrap myself in thick white wolf fur and exit the training arena and look out towards the horizon. The sun was slowly beginning to rise and its rays illuminated the ocean, it was a beautiful sight, knowing that Berk is still of Midgard for the time being. I shiver as a cold breeze whipped past me, I then decide to make my way to the Great Hall and have breakfast.

We have all heard the news that Hiccup and his hordes of Danes and dragons have returned to Norway and are advancing ever closer to our doorstep, Stoick has ensured all our allies are prepared for the fight ahead of us. I was more than ready, training for hours until it felt like my bones would snap, muscles ached to the point where I had to stop and kept pushing myself until I was too wasted to breathe. But all the pain of my training was bearing fruit, my skills and prowess as a shield maiden had increased over the years and I knew I would need every ounce of my strength to fight Hiccup when he returns.

How did it even come to this?

It seems like a lifetime ago when we were but children and the best of friends. We did everything together-- play tag in the plains, hide and seek in the village, spar with wooden swords and other foolish games that children play. But when my Uncle Finn was killed by a Flightmare? That was the end of my friendship with Hiccup. I cast him aside to become Berks finest shield maiden, and in the act? I attracted the eye of Sihtric Odinson, the man I love.

Watching Hiccup suffer through the years should've made me angry at the village for treating our prince in such a way, but then I realized it was necessary. Hiccup was not fit to be called a Viking. He was thinner than a weed, weak in body and strength and deserved to be cast out of our village for being such a disgrace, even before he bonded with that Night Fury.

Finally making my way inside the Great Hall, I could see the whole village inside eating their morning meal. I noticed Sihtric and the rest of the gang at our usual table, I grabbed my plate of food and sat beside Sihtric and was greeted by him with a kiss, returning his kiss, I then turned to Fishlegs finished his morning meal and then spoke his mind. "Does the chief know that it doesn't matter how many tribes are allied with us? Hiccup has the advantage in both numbers and strength."

Snotlout scoffed at Fishlegs and barked out. "Who cares! We will choose a battlefield of our intimate knowledge and when Useless returns? It won't go great for him and his forces of Danes and *dragons*." He spat out the words like it was an insult, he then continued to devour his food while Fishlegs scratched his head and sighed out. "Do you think he'll spare any of us?" Ruffnut snorted and answered. "Of course he won't Fishface! We made his life a nightmare. Why would he want to spare us? And I thought you were the smart one." Tuffnut barked out a laugh at his sisters words and chimed in. "Yeah Fishy! I mean you're smarter than all of us combined and you asked such a stupid question? Even I know little Hiccy won't spare me. Especially me and Snotlout."

Cocking my head at Tuffnut's words, I could see Snotlout giving Tuffnut a murderous glare and the male twin immediately shut his mouth, I then leaned in and asked out. "Alright. What did you two idiots do to him?" Tuffnut shrugged and asked. "Don't know what you're talking about Fearless Hofferson." I growled at the male twin before turning to Snotlout. "Answer me Snotface! What did you do to Hiccup?" Snotlout swallowed a mouthful of food and looked into my eyes and answered. "Tuffnut and I raped Useless." Those words caused Fishlegs to nearly throw up, Ruffnut's face twisted with shock, Sihtric and I had our mouths gaped open in disbelief.

"No you didn't." I seethed out, Snotlout shrugged and replied back.

"Oh, I did. We tricked Useless and told him we were all throwing him a party on his fifteenth birthday, you should've seen how easily he bought that!" Snotlout said while chuckling, Tuffnut too joined in with Snotlout's chuckling before he turned to me and continued the story. "But instead, all Useless got was two cocks up his ass and in his mouth."

Fishlegs quickly turned away from the table and threw up in utter revolution, Ruffnut too looked like she'd throw up, Sihtric and I covered our mouths to keep the bile that was rising up our throats to stay put. I swallowed thickly and shook my head at Snotlout and Tuffnut. "I... I can't believe you two! How could you?!!" Snotlout scoffed at me and then pointed a finger at me. "Please, you're guilty of making Useless miserable just like the rest of us! So don't pretend to be so high and noble." I snarled at Snotlout's words and shot back. "I least I wouldn't stoop so low as to rape someone who couldn't even fight back!!"

Sihtric held me tighter, already smelling a fight brewing in the air, he then whispered in my ear. "Now is not the time or place Astrid." I rip Sihtric's arms off me and glare at Snotlout, he returns my glare and finishes his morning meal and grins smugly. "It doesn't matter how many Danes or dragons Useless has, what matters his that Stoick and our allies have chosen a battlefield we're all intimate with and when battle comes? We will win and see another sunrise." The cocky Jorgenson then took his thick bear fur cloak off the bench where he was seated and wrapped himself around it before exiting the Great Hall.

Fishlegs wiped away the bile that slid down the corner of his mouth and he stared at the door in disbelief and horror and murmured. "Oh gods... Hiccup was raped?!" Tuffnut too had finished his morning meal and smacked his lips loudly before answering Fishlegs. "He was. And it was very enjoyable watching that weakling squirm, attempting to cry out for help and begging for us to stop. I reveled every second of it." He too picked up his white wolf fur, draped it around his body and exited the Great Hall.

"I never knew my brother and Snotlout did... *that*." Ruffnut said with disgust and disbelief, Sihtric merely sighed heavily and spoke out. "Whats done is done. All we know now is that Hiccup wants us

all dead for what we all did to him. And I'd rather focus on staying alive rather than wallowing in nostalgia." My lover then pecked my lips before getting up and wrapping his fur cloak around his body and leaving just me, Ruffnut and Fishlegs alone.

Ruffnut couldn't finish her food, neither could Fishlegs, since they lost their appetite at the hearing of Snotlout and Tuffnut raping Hiccup. I couldn't blame them, I knew we all did terrible things to Hiccup, but hearing how he was raped? As if killing his pet dragon wasn't bad enough.

"S-Sorry guys, I... I gotta go." Ruffnut said as she took her white wolf fur cloak and wrapped it around her body before leaving me and Fishlegs alone. I turned to Fishlegs and saw the man crying, getting up from my seat, I then sat next to my friend and placed a hand on his bulky arm. "Fishlegs? Whats wrong?" I asked, the man turned to me and scoffed at my words. "What do you think? We're all going to die for what we did to him! Even though I never partook in humiliating, torturing or beating him into a bloody pulp, I did nothing to stop the rest of the tribe to leave Hiccup alone. Doing nothing may be worse than actually partaking in his suffering."

I frowned as Fishlegs began crying again, I could see many of the people looking at us and murmuring amongst themselves, they had all heard our earlier words, and when the subject of Hiccup being raped was heard? The people turned our way with shock, disgust and horror etched other faces. But they weren't really sorry for what they did to Hiccup, instead they expressed these emotions because this was the first time they heard this news.

Turning back to Fishlegs, the man murmured out hoarsely. "He has every right to wipe us out. We... we're animals!" He then turned to me and shook his head before asking me. "What have we done?!" I pursed my lips and sighed heavily while looking down on the ground. "We're... we're Vikings." Was all I could say, but Fishlegs slammed his fist on the table and snarled out. "Stop using that as an excuse to evade the question! We did what we did because Hiccup was... a hiccup; the runt of the litter. And instead of giving him a chance to be... himself. We all lashed out at him and made him our personal punching bag."

The bulky Ingerman rose from his seat and draped his thick heavy bear fur cloak around his hulking frame and turned back to me and said. "Our past has come back to haunt us. And I fear none of us can escape Hiccup's wrath. Even those who didn't hurt him. People... people like me, Gobber and Gothi." He then left the Great Hall and left me alone to absorb Fishleg's words.

He was right.

Gods, we never gave Hiccup the chance to prove himself to us!! We judged him for being himself and made his life absolutely miserable. And now five years later? I can't imagine what he has become now. A being consumed by unadulterated hatred towards us. The people that were supposed to stand *beside* him rather than against him. I run a hand through my hair and could feel my fear returning in full force and tears stinging my eyes, I then race out of the Great Hall and look up towards the morning skies

"Odin help us all."

(Hiccup's pov)

::So, this is the place my brother was murdered?::

I grunted in confirmation at Blaze as we hovered high in the sky and looked down towards the hellhole I once called home. I could see ships that held the Bog, Meathead, Thunderhead, Tree-root and Stone-head tribe colors, scoffing at the sight, Stoick believes by extending the invitations to those tribes will buy himself and Berk time to still my wrath.

It will not.

I have millions more Danes and dragons to wipe out all of them off the face of Midgard.

::Do you wish to present yourself to the animals who tortured you and murdered my brother Hiccup?::

Blaze growled out, I patted my bonded dragons neck and nodded. "Yes. Let them know that their deaths are on their way." Blaze then dive-bombed towards Berk and as we dove down with high speeds,

I didn't even feel the cold blowing through me, I kept my sleek black riding helmet over my face protected my face from the blasting winds and I kept a vise like grip on the saddle around Blaze's body as we needed the ground.

Finally touching down, I couldn't see a single Hooligan or any of their allies in sight, no doubt all of them are in the Great Hall discussing plans of defense, I then urge Blaze to move towards the Great Hall, my Night Fury nods and advances. Blaze too has had a bloodlust that rivals my own, all of Toothless's siblings thirst to avenge their fallen brother, and I would deliver Astrid Hofferson to them to tear her apart piece by bloody piece.

As we finally stood at the doors of the Great Hall, Blaze turns his head around to me and I nod in giving him permission to blow the door down, the Night Fury's maw glows with crimson plasma as he fires and blows the doors down. Smoke covered my vision but Blaze slowly walks inside the Great Hall with me still on top of his back, the Vikings inside all gasp in shock, horror and fear at the sight of me and Blaze.

Stoick who immediately rises from his throne at the sight of us stammers out. "H-Hiccup?" Letting out a dark chuckle, I remove my riding helmet and run a hand through my hair and nod in confirmation at Stoick's words. "Hello... "father" long time no see." I say coldly, every warrior inside the Hall raised their weapons and formed a shield wall to surround us, Blaze expands his wings and roars out menacingly and I could hear the cries of fear from the children and the fear in their voices sends a shiver of pleasure down my spine.

They will *all* fear me and my forces.

I then notice archers nocking their arrows and were preparing to open fire, but I snapped my fingers and Blaze fired a warning shot at the archers, sending flying into the walls and groaning in agony at the second degree burns they received from Blaze's plasma. Turning back to Stoick, I snarl out. "A wasted effort bringing together your allies. My forces of Dane and dragon are vast! You would be wise to give up now."

Stoick shook his head at my words and replied back. "I made a mistake son--" Scoffing as he referred to me as son, I give the Hooligan chieftain a murderous grin and shake my head. "A mistake? Yes, and a costly mistake at that!" Blaze took three steps closer and the Vikings shield wall tightened and they had weapons at the ready, but a snarl or growl from Blaze caused the Vikings to back off. I look into the crowds and I could see Astrid, Sihtric, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Snotlout, all of them had shocked looks on their faces, whether or not I am indeed alive, how much I've grown or how different look.

Perhaps all of the above.

Either way, I then extend my hands out and speak for everyone to hear me. "I made a sacred oath to the god of vengeance, Vidar, that I will not rest until all of you are lying dead on my feet for what you all did to me and for what you did to Toothless-- my first bonded Night Fury and in fact the brother of the Night Fury I'm sitting on." Looking down on Blaze, I smirk and pat my dragons neck. "Would you like to say hello Blaze?" Blaze let out an ear piercing roar that caused everyone in the room to tremble in fear at such raw rage and hatred displayed by Blaze.

"You will all know what its like to suffer. You will all lose everything-- your lives, your reputation, your home and everything you've accomplished will be utterly forgotten." I then turn to Stoick and bare my teeth at the man. "Be prepared to die! You and all of your... animals that dare to call themselves Vikings!" My anger was at a boiling point that I felt as if I myself was engulfed in flames, I then place a hand on Blazes head, my bonded dragon fires a plasma blast up in the ceiling and blows it wide open, causing people to scream in terror and panic as they clear the way as debris comes crashing down.

"Hiccup!!"

Before I take off, I see Stoick pushes through his bodyguards and slowly extends a hand out for me. "Forgive me son. Forgive us." I gave the man a cold glare before I noticed Gobber beside Gothi and the rest of the Hooligan council, I had not seen the man in years since he was out traveling the world. It was good to see him again,

despite the circumstances, but I made an oath and one I intend to keep. So, turning back to Stoick I inhaled sharply and spat a wad of spit on the ground by Stoick's boots and seethed out.

"Its too late for an apology. The only thing I'll accept is every last Hairy Hooligan on this island lying dead at my feet and this... *place* burned to the ground." Patting Blaze once more, my dragon let out another roar and took off in the blown out hole in the ceiling, I could hear both Stoick and Gobber calling out for me to come back, but my jaw was tensed, my teeth grinding inside my mouth and my anger and hatred for Berk and its inhabits returning in full force.

That place and those who inhabit it? They ruined me. So now I'll destroy them and everyone they love, and I'll savor every second of their suffering.

Chapter 16: Promise

(Astrid's pov)

I-I couldn't believe how much Hiccup had changed. His hair was longer than ever before, he had four twists on the top of his head and had a bridge of hair holding the twists together in the back and the sides of his head were braided. He had a mustache above his lips, light stubble on his cheeks and a goatee on his chin. His eyes however are what sent a chill down to my very soul, he had a scar going down his right eye and the eye itself looked faded, but never the less, both his eyes held nothing but pure hatred towards us all.

Everyone gathered was panicking and Stoick tried grabbing their attention but nothing was working, so he grabbed his war hammer and roared out. "I SAID SHUT UP AND LISTEN!!!!" He banged his war hammer against one of the pillars, that caused everyone to quiet down and turned their attention back to our chief. "We knew this day would come when we heard Hiccup still lives! But I believe he could still be persuaded to at least spare some of us."

"Were you not listening Stoick?! Your crazy son wants to kill us all!!" Mildew cried out, causing an uproar of agreement to ring in the air, Stoick turned to Mildew and growled out. "Yes, I heard Hiccup's pledge to kill us all Mildew, but I want to actually talk to my son and at least try to--"

"Stoick, there is no peace with your son. He came here for war, so if thats what he wants? I say thats what we give him!" Spitelout barked out, again causing an uproar of agreement from the Vikings inside, our chief pinched the bridge of his nose before nodding. "Very well. We're familiar with our place of battle— Bear Island. Its fields are large enough for us to do battle, we know the land well and shall use such knowledge to our advantage. And if the gods will it? We shall defeat the traitor and his hordes."

Everyone grunted in agreement, I turned to Sihtric and whispered in his ear. "I need to talk to Hiccup." He turned to me as if I had lost

my mind. "Are you out of your mind?! He wants to offer you up as a chew toy for his Night Fury's!" I nodded in understanding but continued. "Yes I am aware of the risk, but I just... I just need to at least try and ask for his forgiveness for taking away the only living thing he ever cared for at the time." Before Sihtric could respond, I turned to Stoick and spoke out firmly and boldly. "Chief? If I may speak?" Everyone turned to me and then turned to Stoick, the man nodded at me; allowing me to speak my mind.

"I wish to speak to Hiccup and attempt to balm grievous injuries inflicted upon him." However, my words were met with disapproving words, Mildew turned to me and pointed his staff at me. "Why suggest such insanity young Hofferson? That filthy traitor wants to kill just as badly, if not more for what you did to his pet dragon." I glared at Mildew before turning back to Stoick. "Please lord, what if I brought with me Gobber, Gothi and Fishlegs? They never actually hurt Hiccup and I believe he will at least speak with them." Everyone turned to Stoick and awaited his answer, our chief gave me a saddened look before shaking his head. "I'm sorry Astrid, but Hiccup... he can't be provoked even more by your very presence. We need the time to form a battle plan if we are to obtain victory."

I bowed my head in understanding and turn around to leave the Great Hall, as I pass Snotlout, he murmured out to me. "That was a stupid suggestion Hofferson." I then drove my knee into his groin and he groaned in pain as he clutched his groin and fell to his knees. Wrapping my fur cloak tightly around my body, I open the door to the Hall and leave the room with a sigh. Looking up to the heavens, I could see millions of snowflakes coming down and I closed my eyes as some of the tiny flakes latched on my eyelashes, looking out towards the horizon, I could only feel my eyes stinging with tears and accept the harsh reality of the situation we all face.

I don't believe the gods will be with us this time. Perhaps they never were with us, and the way I see it? Odin, Thor or any of the gods couldn't protect us from Hiccup's wrath.

The fire will come for us all and devour us until there is nothing ash and echos.

(Hiccup's pov)

Returning to my dreadnaught— Fury Rider, I dismounted Blaze and tore off my riding helmet and threw it with a roar of outrage. The nerve on Stoick for even daring to call me "son!" I was not his son, and never will be!! I could see my warriors and shield maidens staring at me, I then seethed out at them. "Is there something you wish to say to me?" My warriors all lowered their heads in fear at the raw rage dripping in my tone and shook their heads. "Then... BACK TO WORK!!!" I roared out, causing my warriors to carry on their duties on the ship.

::I understand you rage Hiccup, believe me, I myself want to sink my teeth into something and tear it to pieces. Or rather... someone::

Turning to Blaze, I nod at my dragon and reply back. "You and your siblings will avenge Toothless's death, and I will savor every second of Astrid Hofferson's blood curdling screams as she is torn to bloody pieces." I felt a shiver of excitement crawl down my spine at the very thought, and I would ensure that it would happen, if Astrid was foolish enough to cross my paths again.

"Blaze. Let out a signal shot. Its time to discuss strategy with Gunhild and the rest of the Danes." I say, my dragon nods at me and fires a plasma blot into the air as I watch as it explodes, not four minutes later, Gunhild, Aslaug, Hild, Frodo and Haesten arrived on the deck of my ship while riding the Night Fury's they all bonded with. I then invite my beloved and my allies into my join me in my battle preparation chambers, once gathered, I pulled out a map of Norway and laid it out for all to see.

"So, did seeing your old tormentors stoke the flames of your anger my friend?" Haesten asked me while he stroke his beard, I turned to the man and hummed in confirmation. "I had to control my rage whilst on top of Blaze. I wanted to slaughter them all inside that Great Hall. But..." I stroke my goatee and chuckled darkly before shrugging. "...I want to savor every last one of their deaths. Instead of just... finishing this prematurely." Turning everyone gathered, I

nod at them all. "Thank you all for supporting me in my vendetta to exact vengeance."

Gunhild grabbed one of my hands and squeezed it gently, I looked into my loves, azure eyes and she smiled widely at me. "You've more than earned our respect my love. More importantly, you're a man of your word. You said we'd conquer Paris and now it and the whole of Frankia belongs to us! When you promise your former tribe that you'll wipe them out? You won't back down. Not after what they did to you and your first bonded dragon." I nod in thanks at Gunhild for her words before turning back to the other Danish rulers. "Do any of you have anything to say to me?"

Frodo scratched his head and shook his head. "It is true. You are a man of your word, and have made us all even more famous and wealthy by conquering Frankia. I am with you my friend. Until we meet again in Valhalla."

"I have no argument Lord Haddock. I am with you." Haesten said while nodding at me.

Turning to Aslaug and Hild, both queens nodded at me before speaking. "You stand as a Dane now. You are one of us, and always shall. Danes fight together and we will see this done, together." Hild said to me, Aslaug too spoke up. "Aye. Together."

I nod in thanks to my allies and to Gunhild before turning my attention back to the map in front of me. "Now, Stoick and the fools who wish to aid him and Berk will no doubt choose an island thats large enough for battle or choose a land they're intimate with and will use the land to their advantage and wait for us to arrive and pick off our armies with a whole manner of traps, bottlenecking us and other tactics." I draw out my long knife and point to three islands I know of that are large enough to wage battle on. "Claw Island, Bear Island and Shipwreck Shore are the three largest Islands that I know of which could hold all our forces combined and wage battle on."

"So what is your plan? Your not going to allow your father and his allies to simply use the island they choose to their advantage and pick our armies off do you?" Haesten asked, I turned to the man and

shook my head. "Of course not, I'm not giving those animals a fair fight. If they choose Bear Island, we take the Hydra with us and have him burn the whole forests to the ground and in doing so? Smoking the enemy out and sending many of their numbers to the afterlife."

"And if your father and his allies don't choose Bear Island? What then?" Aslaug asked, I turn to her and shrug. "If they're still on Berk? We attack; we don't give them the time to marshal their forces and prepare to sail. We destroy their boats and send their hopes of fleeing my wrath to the bottom of the sea and hammer Berk into oblivion." I sheath my long knife and look up to my allies and raise my eyebrows. "If any of you have suggestions, I'd like to hear them."

Frodo spoke up while lightly scratching his chin. "What of the villagers of Berk? What will you do to them?" His question rung inside my mind and I closed my eyes, remembering just how much suffering and hell I went through from the villagers words, their fists and being humiliated by them all. Clenching my hands into fists, I look into Frodo's eyes, I answer him. "I'll burn them all alive and make them regret ever messing with me."

Gunhild wrapped one of her arms around my hips and nodded at me. "Like I said, you're a man of your word and will return the bitter favor." I smile at her and then turn back to my allies. "Anything else?" When nobody else spoke, I nodded and promised them. "When this is all over? I promise you all, we will move on to the next conquest until the Black Danes are the most feared Vikings on Midgard! We will walk away with more wealth than we can ever dream of, gain untouchable reputation and fame and our victories and stories will become the stuff of legend!" I said while pounding the table, causing my Danish allies to smile at the very thought of being immortalized.

"Follow me, and I will give you the world." I say, each Danish ruler bows their heads and swears an oath of loyalty to me and swear on their sacred arm rings to help me see this fight through. I smile and then give them orders. "Marshal your forces and be prepared for battle. Stoick will no doubt send someone to try and... talk me out of this. Whoever that unfortunate individual or individuals are? I

shall send their heads back to Stoick as answer and provoke him to fight me. He will lose and they will all burn."

A/N: Be prepared for another update later on today, I can tell y'all are hyped for the battle to come, and believe me, it'll be well worth the wait, I'll hopefully post the first part of that battle today or perhaps tomorrow. But other than that? Stay tuned for more to come.

Chapter 17: Returning the bitter favor

(Snotlout's pov)

Preparations for the battle against Hiccup was going quite smoothly to say the least, it had been six days since Hiccup revealed himself to us and that was more than enough time to marshal our combined forces together, though we weren't blind, we were still heavily outnumbered. Which is why it was critical to decide where we were going to fight, sooner rather than later.

I had helped a group of our warriors loading weapons on board our ships, the harbor was filled with our allies ships, we've been working all morning and despite the snowfall and low temperatures? We Vikings pushed through the pain of aching bones and chilled skin and continued preparing our ships to set sail.

"Snotlout!"

Turning around, I laid eyes on my father approaching from the harbor, I got off the ship I was working on and approached the man. "Father? What is it?" I asked, he wrapped an arm around my shoulder and gestured to our own fleet and our allies ships. "It makes me proud to see you out here working with your people son. But this... isn't enough to repeal Hiccup's forces in open battle." Spitelout then leaned in and whispered in my ear. "I want you and Tuffnut Thorston to take Hiccup out."

I pulled away from my father with my eyes widened and looked around us to make sure none of our tribesman or allies were listening, when I was satisfied with what I saw, I turned back to my father and whispered yelled. "How?! I don't know where he is!" Spitelout placed both his hands on my shoulders and gently squeezed them. "Go to the Northern Market and ask anyone if they've laid eyes on Danes and Hiccup. If you find your cousin? Kill him. Without him, we may just stand a chance against the Danes."

Seeing no other way than to obey my fathers command, I bowed my head. "Yes father. I'll see it done." I then set off to find Tuffnut throughout the crowds of Vikings coming down to the docks either to load up supplies or return to their respective tribes. Finally I laid eyes on Tuffnut inspecting his spear and then twirled it in his hand expertly.

"Tuffnut!" I called out, the male twin turned to me and approached me. "Whats up Snotface?" He asked, I then pulled him close and whispered. "My father wants us to go to the Northern Markets and ask anyone there if they've laid eyes on Danes or Hiccup. Should we find Useless? We are to kill him." Tuffnut looked at me with shock, but then his demeanor changed into excitement. "Alright. When do we leave?"

"Now. Pack what you need and lets get going." I say, Tuffnut nods and runs off to his home to pack what he needs, I sigh heavily wrapped the thick black fur cloak around my shoulders tighter and looked out towards the horizon. Hiccup is out there somewhere, and without his leadership? We just may stand a chance against the Danes, if the gods will it.

Running a hand through my sleeked black hair, I then head to my house to gather what I needed as well, the sooner we got this task done? The better for all of us and I'll finally be rid of Hiccup the Useless.

(Astrid's pov)

I had been helping a group of shield maidens load up Stoick's flagship, the last five years have been... hard for Stoick to say the least. When the man and his raiding party went to the steppes of Russ? Only one ship returned and only handfuls of our warriors were on board Stoick's ship, they didn't return with treasure or wealth, they only returned half dead and with their lives.

After that disastrous raid? We joined with some of our allies and raided in England, though that raid gave us some portion of wealth, it was better than nothing. The whole of England has been fighting

off Viking tribes for quite some time now and we fortunate enough to walk away with at least one ship full of treasure.

But now? Our combined forces were focussed on loading our ships with the supplies we need to wage battle against Hiccup and his forces. The news I heard about Hiccup, how he became a battle hardened warrior? I dared not believe them at first. Hiccup was far too clumsy, weak in body and strength to be a warrior. But it seems thats not the case anymore, he looks stronger than ever before and he's hungry for battle.

After finish helping the shield maidens load up Stoicks flagship, I exited the ship and shivered at the freezing temperatures outside, thankfully there were torches lit along the harbor to keep a heat wave above us and warm the air. I looked behind me to see Snotlout and Tuffnut carrying satchels and boarding a dinghy boat, cocking my head suspiciously, I approach the two before they could set sail. "Where do you two think you're going?" I demanded, Snotlout looked up to me and snorted. "Don't you have other things to do Hofferson?" He asked, I glared at him and repeated. "Where are you two going?"

"We're going to the Northern Markets and ask anyone if they've seen Hiccup. We have orders to kill him." Tuffnut said, Snotlout turned the male twin and glared at him, Tuffnut shrugged. "What? Its not like she'll tell the chief. She wants him dead too, don't you Astrid?" Tuffnut said while turning to me, I looked down and pondered Tuff's question, I mean... in the past, Hiccup was absolutely no threat at all. But now? He could wipe us out in the blink of an eye.

"Yes. He threatens us all and if killing him gives a chance to survive? Than have at it." I respond, Tuffnut turns back to Snotlout and grins. "See? Nothing to worry about 'Boy-o'" He said while impersonating Spitelout's voice when he calls his son Boy-o. Snotlout rolled his eyes at Tuffnut and then grabbed the oars and began to sail away, Tuffnut shot me and grin before he two grabbed the other pairs of oars and helped Snotlout sail out of the harbor.

"Best of luck. You'll need it." I murmured to myself as Snotlout and Tuffnut's dinghy got further away from Berk, I then returned back to assisting my people in preparing for the battle to come.

(Snotlout's pov— Two hours later)

Finally reaching the Northern Markets after two hours of rowing, Tuffnut and I docked at the harbor and tied our dinghy down so that it wouldn't drift away into open ocean. As we made our way into the marketplace, it was packed full of our countrymen, foreigners and slaves being towed by their taskmasters, long story short? We'd never find Hiccup in such a crowd.

So, sticking together and keeping a sharp eye out, Tuffnut and I stared everybody down and made sure to leave no stone left unturned. The people of the Northern Markets stared us down as well, being cautious of our presence here, but we weren't here to cause trouble with the people of this place, we were here just for Useless.

"Snotlout." Tuffnut murmured as he then pointed ahead of us. "There he is." Following where he was pointing, we laid eyes on Hiccup and a man about our age who bore Danish tattoos on his neck and rune tattoos under his right eye and he was the same size as Fishlegs as far as bulky physic goes. Hiccup's companion as bore dirty blond hair which was braided and had silver cupping along the braids, the length of his hair stopped at his the top of his spine and he had a small beard on his face.

Tuffnut then turned to me and whispered. "How do you wanna do this?" I turn to my companion before seeing Hiccup and his own companion walking away. "We follow them." I say as we push through the crowds full of people and try to keep up with our enemy. Hiccup and his companion then make a left and into an alleyway, as we push through the crowds, we press our backs against the wall and I lean in slightly to see what Hiccup is doing.

"We're all set here King Haddock." The man accompanying Hiccup said, my cousin grunted in acknowledgement and looked towards where the alleyway began, I quickly pulled away and took slow and steady breaths to calm my racing nerves. Tuffnut pushes me away and decides to take a look but it was a mistake, he bumped right

into Hiccup who grabbed Tuffnut's face and head butted him, causing the male twin to cry out in pain and clutch his bleeding nose. Hiccup then looks into my eyes and I swallow thickly and could feel fear rising inside me as my cousin gives me a murderous gaze. "Hello Snotlout. A pleasure to see both you and Tuffnut again." My cousin then looked to someone behind me and nodded. A sharp blow of pain exploded in the back of my head and I feel to the ground and could feel myself losing consciousness fast.

"Take them to the Fury Rider. Its time to repay a debt long overdue to them." Hiccup's voice reached my ears, but as hands took hold of me? I suddenly lost conscious and everything went black.

(Normal pov— Unknown location)

Both Snotlout and Tuffnut were brought back to consciousness thanks to icy cold water being dumped over their heads, they both yelled out at the extremely freezing water soaked their skin and they then began chattering and tried using their body heat for warmth, but they couldn't move any of their limbs, because they were chained up.

Snotlout thrashed around violently; desperately trying to free himself, while Tuffnut continued to shiver and then gasp in horror as he relaized— "Snotlout, where are our clothes?" The younger Jorgenson looked down to see not a stitch of clothing on his body, it was the same for Tuffnut, they were naked and were exposed to freezing temperatures in this cell they were in.

The two Hooligans could see two Danes with buckets in hand, they must've been the ones to being back to consciousness, before Snotlout could speak, the doors to the cell opened and the two Danes bowed their heads as Hiccup and Cnut entered the room while glaring at Snotlout and Tuffnut. "Let me guess, you were sent by my father to... assassinate me?" Hiccup asked with disgust, Snotlout flicked his head back and multiple water droplets flung out of his drenched strands of hair as he then chattered out. "N-Not... S-Sto-Stoick... Sp-Spite... Spitelout." Hiccup snorted and murmured. "Of course." He then approached his nude and chained up cousin

and grasped Snotlout's cheeks with an iron grip, causing the Hooligan to gasp and look into his cousins cold and hateful eyes.

"Remember when... you and Tuffnut tied me up and raped me Snotlout?" He asked calmly, Snotlout nodded slowly, and Hiccup bared his teeth at his cousin before smiling wickedly. "Well... I'm going to return the favor. But not with my cock, but with something... better." Hiccup released Snotlout's cheeks and snapped his fingers, soon one of Hiccup's bodyguards entered the room and brought forth two strap on cast moldings of his cock, but there were sharp little spikes sticking out of every direction of the cast appendage and presented them to Snotlout and Tuffnut.

"These... are going to tear apart your anus's and rip your tongues to pieces by the time me and my friend Cnut here are done." Hiccup said as he tossed the second strap on to Cnut, the Danish heir caught the strap on and smirked menacingly at Snotlout and Tuffnut as their faces slowly drained themselves of their color.

"H-Hiccup... cousin... pl-please—"

"Spare me your words Snotlout." Hiccup barked out, causing Snotlout to close his eyes in fear at his cousins venomous tone. "You and Tuffnut took great pleasure in stripping what innocence I had left and used me like a common whore!!" Hiccup then strapped his modified appendage on and seethed out in Snotlout's ear. "You have no idea how much I hated you and Tuffnut for doing that to me. But now?" The young Danish king grabbed a handful of Snotlout's hair and yanked back, causing the Jorgenson to cry out in pain and whimper in fear. "Now I'm going to return the bitter favor." Hiccup said as the released Snotlout's hair and positioned himself behind his squirming and naked cousin.

(**A/N: Snotlout and Tuffnut are going to be raped by both Hiccup and Cnut, viewers discretion is advised**)

"Hi-Hiccup... stop... PLEASE STOP!!!!" Snotlout cried out in horror, Tuffnut too cried out for mercy as Cnut already began thrusting the

modified appendage into Tuffnut's ass, causing the male twin to cry out in agony and horror. Hiccup laughed darkly at Snotlout's fear and he then replied back to his cousins plea for mercy. "Why? You and Tuffnut didn't stop when you raped me. Its only fair for me to ignore your pleas." Hiccup then thrust into Snotlout and the deadly appendage tore open Snotlout's anus, causing the Jorgeson to cry out in agony, the appendage wasn't even lubed up, it was dry and sharp.

Tuffnut was wailing like a baby as Cnut thrusted harder and harder and grabbed the back of the Thorston males dreads and yanked back while whispering taunts and filth into his ear. Seeing his friend suffer caused Snotlout to realize what an utter fool he's been. He was Hiccup's flesh and blood for Thor's sakes! His *cousin*. Family always stick together, no matter what, but instead, Snotlout took advantage of Hiccup's weakness in the past and made him feel unloved, unwanted and undesirable.

"How does it feel Snotlout?" Hiccup grunted in Snotlout's ear as he unleashed powerful thrusts, the spiky appendage began tearing apart the tissue inside of the Jorgeson's anus and when the appendage came into view? It was bloodied. "How does it feel being defenseless? HUH?!" Hiccup roared out, causing Snotlout to squeeze his eyes shut as tears streamed down his face as the pain intensified tenfold.

"Oh Thor's hammer no! No no no NO... Mph!!!"

Snotlout turned to Tuffnut and watched in horror as Cnut began thrusting his sharpened appendage inside Tuffnut's mouth, therefore slicing and tearing apart the inside of his mouth and his tongue. Following Cnut's example, Hiccup pulled out of Snotlout's bloodied ass and approached in front of him, Snotlout's eyes widened in horror as he looked at the sharpened appendage that was inside of him. There were bits of flesh sticking to the spikes and almost the whole thing was covered in blood.

"Any last words Snotlout? Before your mouth and tongue are torn to pieces?" Hiccup asked, before the Jorgenson boy could plead one last time for mercy, Hiccup thrust home into Snotlout's mouth and could hear his cousins's blood curdling screams. Every cry of pain

from both Snotlout and Tuffnut brought great pleasure to Hiccup, now he, the once Hiccup the Useless was now showing his old tormentors and rapists what it's like to feel weak, useless and unable to stop the suffering.

When Cnut pulled his sharpened appendage out of Tuffnut's mouth, he laughed at the sight of a huge chuck of human tongue still twitching on the spiky shaft. "Well well, guess we'll never have to listen to your cries ever again." Cnut taunted while showing Hiccup just how much damage these cast molding appendages could so. The sight of a piece of Tuffnut's still twitching tongue on Cnut's spiky appendage caused the young Danish king to laugh and turn to his cousin. "Your words made me feel unloved, unwanted and cut me deeper than any knife ever could. Lets do Midgard a favor and relieve you of your venomous and foul tongue." Hiccup then thrusted harder and sharper, causing blood to seep out of the corners of Snotlout's mouth and causing the Jorgenson to scream in agony.

When Hiccup felt his spiky appendage being snagged, he knew the appendage was embedded inside his cousins tongue, so Hiccup pulled back violently and successfully ripped Snotlout's tongue clean out of his mouth, causing Snotlout to scream, yet no sound was heard. Hiccup laughed as he then ripped his cousins tongue off his spiky appendage and slapped his cousin across the face with his own tongue. Snotlout was crying heavily, as was Tuffnut, both of them spat out mouthfuls of blood and their chests was rising and falling heavily.

"So King Haddock, do you think they've had enough?" Cnut asked, Hiccup turned to his ally and shook his head before grasping Snotlout's cheeks once more and snarled out. "I'm not done with you *cousin*." He spat the word out like a rotten piece of fish before continuing. "I will make sure you and Tuffnut stay awake long enough to feel just how much I myself suffered by your cocks. Only this time? You both shall suffer far worse and when we're done? I'll return your corpses back to Stoick. But first..." Hiccup then drew out Inferno and both Snotlout and Tuffnut's eyes widened in horror at the sight of Hiccup's flaming sword.

Hiccup then took hold of his cousins cock and with a flick of his

wrist, Inferno severed Snotlout's cock clean off his body, causing the Jorgenson to cry out in sheer agony, though his cries were muted since he lost his tongue. "You shall never lay hands upon me again!! Nor ever touch me with your filthy cock." Hiccup boomed out to Snotlout as his groin began bleeding at an alarming rate. Tuffnut thrashed around violently as Hiccup approached him and seethed out. "Your cocks were used as weapons to hurt me. Now, I'm relieving you of them." Hiccup then sliced off Tuffnut's cock and the Thorston males cries were heard somewhat, since he only lost a large portion of his tongue, but not all of it.

When Hiccup discarded the cocks of both his tormentors, he then present Inferno and gave both Snotlout and Tuffnut murderous grins, the flames that were dancing off the sword illuminated Hiccup's face, making the young king look like a devil in the flesh and to further fuel Snotlout and Tuffnut's horror.

"Now. Let us continue."

(Stoick's pov— Island of Berk, later that evening)

"Stoick! The boats have all been loaded and are ready to set sail by your command." Egil Hofferson announced to me, I nodded in confirmation before watching our ways leave the harbor and were on their way to the Great Hall to feast and satisfy their hunger.

Turning around, I could see Gobber approach me and shake his head at the sight of Ivar the Witless carrying two barrels full of ale to the Great Hall while he and his warriors began singing.

"My mother told me
One day I would buy
Galley with good oats
Sail to distant shores."

"Stand up high on the prow
Noble barque I steer
Steady course for the haven
Hew many foemen."

"So, do you still believe we stand a chance here Stoick?" Gobber asked me, I turned to my old friend and sighed heavily. "I can do nothing but trust in the gods, believe in my people and those we're allies with Gobber. I wish there was another way to bring the old Hiccup back to us. But... that Hiccup is long dead." I said while looking towards the horizon, my mind wondered if Valka was with Hiccup right now and I began to wonder if Hiccup would ever forgive Valka for leaving him here to suffer for fifteen long years.

An ear piercing shriek filled the air and there was only one dragon we knew that made a sound like that.

"NIGHT FURY!!!"

"GET DOWN!!"

As the Night Fury swooped over our heads, a sack fell at my feet and I could see the sack blood stained. Looking up to the heavens, I could see the very same Night Fury Hiccup rose and my son riding the devil, the Danish king had his riding helmet over his face and his fur cloak flapped through the winds as he and Night Fury then retreated to higher altitudes.

Spitelout and Buffnut ran to me and then looked down at the bloodied sack at me feet. "What... what is that?" Spitelout stammered out, with shaking hands, I picked up the sack and opened it and winced at the sight. It was two bloody and mangled heads inside, but I then noticed something even more terrifying, they were belt buckles that held both the Jorgenson and Thorston clan emblems on them.

These were Snotlout and Tuffnut's heads

Also, to add even more insult to injury, their cocks were inside the sack and I gagged, shoving the sack into Spitelout's arms and ran my hand through auburn hair with hyperventilating breaths. Spitelout and Buffnut's cries of sorrow filled my ear and I could see many had gathered to see what was going on and everyone gasped in horror at the sight of Snotlout and Tuffnut's heads in their respective fathers hands and their severed cocks lying on the ground.

"Stoick, there was a message inside."

Gobber's voice reached my ears as I turned around and took the message from his hands and could see the message was bloodied as well. With shaking hands, I opened the message and began reading it to myself.

"Snotlout and Tuffnut raped me. So I returned the bitter favor, only they got and received far worse."

King Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III

Spitelout turned to me and growled out. "Brother, what do we do?" I looked into my younger brothers eyes and then looked out towards the horizon and answer his question.

"We fight."

A/N: Alrighty! The next two chapters are going to be civil war, I'll get working on those chapters as soon as possible. The first chapter will involve a sea battle and the second part will be a land battle, but other than that? I won't spoil the battle ahead. Hope y'all enjoyed and I'll catch y'all in the next chapter.

Chapter 18: Bloodbath part I

(Normal pov)

Stoick stood at the front of his flagship and wrapped his thick heavy bear fur cloak tightly around his body while the Hooligan fleet, as well as their allies fleet sailed the below freezing waters, heading straight for the Northern Markets, since that was no doubt where Hiccup was located.

The Hooligan chieftain looked behind him to see his younger brother and sister in law sharpening their weapons; eager to avenge their son. As were the Thorston's, the heads of their sons was in fact flayed of all its skin and was only mangled muscle and bone, the only evidence telling that these heads were in fact Snotlout Jorgenson and Tuffnut Thorston were the belt buckles that held their clan emblem.

Gobber approached his old friend and looked out towards the horizon and sighed heavily. "Has it truly come to this Stoick? Civil war amongst our people?" The Hooligan chieftain turned to Gobber and gave his response. "I suppose it has. Though all of this could have been evaded had we treated Hiccup the right way." Pinching the bridge of his nose while shaking his head, Stoick felt like the biggest fool on Midgard, for failing to actually raise his one and only son.

Hiccup had turned out strong, battle hardened, courageous and more Viking like then Stoick could've ever asked for. And his son built himself up and had the love, respect, kindness and support of his Danish people and allies. That was where he and the people ofd Berk failed, actually supporting their heir and now the consequences of their actions and words have led to civil war.

"You know we will not survive this Stoick. Don't you?" Gobber said, Stoick turned to the old veteran Viking and nodded. "Yes, the thought has been on mind for quite some time, but if we die? Then perhaps it is what we deserve for what we all did to Hiccup." Before

Gobber could reply back, war horns sounded off in the distance, everyone looked out towards the horizon and began clamoring as the sight of Danish ships dotted the horizon straight ahead and out of the light cloud of winter fog.

"Hiccup." Stoick murmured as at the head of the Danish fleet, were six massive dreadnaughts, but the one in the very center? Its colors held a violet Night Fury head with a battle axe embedded in the back of its skull. Telling everyone how Hiccup's first bonded Night Fury was killed by Berks very own Fearless Astrid Hofferson.

The Stone-head tribe sounded their battle horns and began rowing at ramming speeds to advance on Hiccup and the Danish fleet, Stoick turned to his ally as if he had gone mad. He quickly cupped his hands around his mouth and roared out. "IVAR!!! YOU CANNOT TAKE HICCUP'S FLEET HEAD ON!!! PULL BACK AND WAIT FOR US!!!" But Stoick received no answer from the Stone-head chieftain, no wonder his name involved witless, because he was stupid, just like he was making such a stupid choice to take on the entire Danish fleet alone.

Stoick then turned to his crew. "Sound the horns!!" One of the Hooligans took out a battle horn and blew it with all their might, the remaining Hooligan ships then raised their flags and began rowing at ramming speeds to catch up to Ivar and his Son-head fleet. Turning to his brother, Stoick ordered Spitelout to signal the rest of Berks allies to keep up.

The fleets of the Bog Burglars, Meathead, Thunderhead and Tree-root tribes were right behind the Hooligan fleet, sailing at ramming speeds while Ivar and the Stone-heads took the lead. However, just as the Stone-head tribe were halfway to engaging the Danish fleet, a massive creature surfaced from the icy waters. It was a dragon, but a dragon the likes of which neither the Hooligans, their allies nor the Danes have ever seen before. It had large spikes protruding from back of its neck, small teeth compared to its massive body ratio, coral-like scales around its body, it had tail fins and had two massive tusks coming off the front of its face.

This massive leviathan gave out a mighty roar and then unleashed a wave of teal colored ice towards the Stone-head tribes fleet.

Screams of horror, agony and panic filled the air, this massive dragon then treaded through the waters tail whipped five ships off the water entirely and the sight of supplies, weapons and Vikings were hurled into the air and then crashed back down into the below freezing waters.

"Beard of Thor! What is that?!" Gobber murmured to himself as the sight of such a titan tearing apart the Stone-head tribe fleet as if it were child play to the dragon. Suddenly, flaming catapults were fired from the Dane fleet and were heading directly for the Hooligan ships. "Odin help us all." Stoick prayed to himself before turning towards his crew and barking out. "Veer left!! Avoid those catapults!!" The Hooligans rowing the ships rowed with all their might to avoid the flaming catapults raining down upon them and continued to watch in horror as that massive dragon continued to tear apart Ivar's fleet.

Stoick suddenly looked up to the heavens and gasped at the sight of Valka riding the dragon who took her away from him and turned his wife into somebody he didn't even recognize. The feral dragon woman then swung her staff above her head and then pointed towards the vast fleet of Vikings, then out of the heavens came forth a massive swarm of dragons and they all roared out before engaging the fleet of Vikings.

"Dragons up above!! ARCHERS, SHOOT THEM OUT OF THE SKY!!!" Stoick roared out, the archers on board nocked their arrows, took aim and let their arrows fly. Volley after volley of sharpened steel struck many dragons down, though the dragons were able to evade the arrows and return fire on the Vikings, successfully sinking handfuls of Hooligan ships and many more of Berks allies ships.

And the Danes hardly had to do anything, all they were doing was watching the massacre take place.

(Hiccup's pov)

When Ivar the Witless and his fleet were halfway at our doorstep? I

was beyond shocked to see such a massive dragon rise from the depths of the sea and began obliterating the Stone-head fleet to bits. My surprise continued as I saw swarms of dragons that weren't our own firing down on Berks fleet as well as its allies fleet.

Then, looking up to the heavens, I laid eyes on a large four winged dragon with a rider on its back, the same type of dragon my men described that my mother rode when she came to visit me in Paris.

Valka.

This... this her supporting me. After abandoning me to suffer at the hands of Berks cruelty, this was her way of apologizing to me and asking me to give her a second chance. A smile graced my lips as I then turned to my crew and cried out. "Ramming speed!! Give my mother and her dragons the support she needs to drive our enemy back!!!" My crew grunted in acknowledgment and began rowing with every ounce of strength that they had. Turning to my artillery crew, I ordered them to load the catapults, ignite them and let them fly, as the flaming projectiles roared in the air, they crashed down on Stone-head ships, Bog ships and Tree-root ships.

I began laughing at the fools were chose to side with Stoick and Berk, they didn't have to suffer nor did they have to partake in my vendetta against Berk, but they did and have now paid the price for it with their lives. The sight of my mothers alpha dragon letting out a might roar and then unleashing a wave of teal colored ice toward the Meathead ships caused me to laugh even more, the ice penetrated right through the ships; sending debris, supplies and Meathead Vikings falling down to the below freezing waters.

Looking down below me, I could see my massive ship crushing any Vikings that were desperately trying to flee the freezing waters, I licked my lips pleasantly to see trails of blood pooling in the water; no doubt the Vikings below were being torn to pieces by the barnacles beneath my ship. Turning my attention back to the fight, I could see Stoick and handfuls of his allies ships veering hard left and trying to reach a large island which I was unfamiliar with, but never the less, I turned to my artillery crew and ordered them to bombard the cowards fleeing.

As more flaming catapults rained down my fathers fleet and his allies fleet, I watched with satisfaction to see handfuls of their ships being blow to pieces and the souls on board being burned to an unrecognizable crisp and then falling into an icy watery grave. What started with at least five thousand ships from the enemy was now reduced to at least... eight hundred in just thirty minutes tops.

My artillery crew was prepared to fire again, but I turned around and ordered them to cease fire. "They've received enough battering! Now it is time to beat the fight completely out of them on land." My Danes let out triumphant roars at the fleeing enemy as they sailed to the massive island to the left.

"Dragon rider incoming King Haddock!!"

Looking up, I could see that four winged dragon descend down on the deck of my ship while my warriors had bows pointed at my mother and her dragon and my personal bodyguards formed a shield wall around me, I however ordered them all to stand down as I approached my mother. She slid off her dragon and removed her mask, and approached me. "Hi-Hiccup... I-I'm sorry. I'm sorry for leaving you in a world of hurt and suffering, I should've been there for you and I—"

I silenced Valka's words as I pulled her into a warm and loving hug, she gasped in surprise, but I then whispered in her ear to reassure her fears of rejection. "You came to support me. Even when I wanted nothing to do with you." I pulled away from the hug yet grasped my mothers arms gently, we looked into each others eyes and I smiled widely and genuinely at her. "My mother." She then laughed and broke down in relived and happy sobs as she then murmured. "My son." We then embraced once more and I chuckled lightly as I could hear the enemy crying out curses to the gods for... 'abandoning' them. They've now been weakened even further and now we will engage them man on man and in open battle.

And when we emerge victorious? Berk will be burned to the ground.

Chapter 19: Bloodbath part II

(Astrid's pov)

That... that was a bloodbath! I have never in my life seen a dragon of that size nor caliber before, but the giant tore apart Ivar's fleet and now what was once four thousand ships strong Stone-head ships was now reduced to only fifty. Our once combined fleet of fifty thousand was now reduced to eight hundred in thirty minutes tops, thanks to the traitor Valka Haddock and her swarm of dragons and massive sea monster.

I could see Hiccup and his Danish fleet right on our tail and I knew that we had very little time before we would be engaged by the enemy once again. Stoick himself looked broken, he looked like he wanted nothing more than to make all of this just... go away. If only it were that easy.

Finally touching down on the beach of the island, we all dismounted in silence, offloaded the ships in silence and gathered our forces as one and just ran as fast as our legs could carry us.

BOOM!!

A series fireballs rained down upon us and I looked up to swarms of dragons above us began dive bombing down on us and ultimately scattering our forces, leaving every tribe for itself. I watched in horror as my friends, allies and fellow comrades were being blown to bits, snatched off the ground and then being dropped hundreds of feet back down to Midgard and watching so many of my brothers and sisters being burned to an unrecognizable crisp.

Suddenly, the banshee like whistle of a Night Fury's was heard, out of nowhere, six highly concentrated blasts were fired and sent many off us flying into the air and tumbling back on the ground roughly and violently. I groaned in pain as I looked up to see the biggest Night Fury out of the other five and could see Hiccup wielding... a sword of flame as he then pointed directly towards Ivar the Witless's

forces, his Night Fury's maw glowed with blood red crimson and fired, the crimson fire sent Ivar's people flying in all directions while being engulfed in crimson fire.

My ears were ringing as my mind screamed at me to get up and run, I tried to get back up but I cried out in agony as I looked down in horror to see my right leg wasn't on my body. As I crawled desperately, I heard Sihtric's cries of horror and panic at my condition and knelt by my side. "Oh gods. Astrid, your leg..."

"...Is gone! Yes I know that Sihtric!" I snarled out at him, he murmured an apology and was about to stop the bleeding when a flaming sword embedded itself deeply into his chest. "SIHTRIC!!" I cried out in horror as I watched the man I loved die before my eyes, before I could pull out the flaming sword, a Night Fury landed right in front of me and bore its razor sharp teeth at me, its face was etched with sheer hatred towards me and I could tell it wanted to kill me.

"Oh, look how the mighty have fallen."

Looking up, Hiccup had a murderous grin plastered on his face and the sight caused chills of fear to crawl down my spine. He then slid off his dragon and dislodged his sword from Sihtric's corpse and approached me slowly, causing me to back up as quickly as I could, however, the five other Night Fury's landed around me and prevented my escape. I could see each of the five other Night Fury's had riders on their backs, Danes to be exact and I could only assume these were the five other Danish kings and queens who are allied with Hiccup.

"You took away not only the only living being I cared about in Midgard five years ago Astrid, but you took away a brother away from these six Night Fury's that you see." Hiccup said while gesturing to each Fury. They were all crouched on low on all fours and bore their teeth at me while slowly creeping closer to me. I whimpered in pure terror as I realized that I was going to be torn apart, looking to Hiccup, I cried out. "HICCUP PLEASE!!! Forgive me!!" His face was devoid of any emotion and his only eyes were filled with pure hatred towards me as he then spat out.

"You'll find no forgiveness from me."

Before I could speak, one of the Night Fury's sank their teeth into my left shoulder and began to thrash violently, the other four pounced at me and I let out a blood curdling scream as two of them sank their teeth into both my legs, two of them took both my arms and Hiccup's Fury slowly crouched towards me until it loomed just above my head. I closed my eyes and whimpered as I felt its hot breath on my face and saliva dripping on my cheeks and then a pair of jaws snapped around my neck and I tried screaming I was losing blood at an alarming rate.

Looking around me, I saw two Night Fury's with each of my legs in their mouths and another two with my arms in their mouths, I could feel myself losing consciousness fast and as I was about to enter the afterlife, the last thing I ever saw was Hiccup's Fury closing its jaws around my face and then everything went black.

(Hiccup's pov)

I watched with satisfaction and pure pleasure at the sight of Blaze, Azure, Lavender, Aqua, Ragejaw and Craven tearing Astrid to bloody pieces. As her blood soaked Midgard, I felt a weight lift off my shoulders, Toothless's death was avenged and I see no reason why my long dead friends family exact their revenge against their brothers killer.

As the Fury's finally backed off Astrid's bloody mangled corpse, I could see the Fury's spitting out her limbs and pieces of her flesh with utter disgust and then making their way back to their respective riders. When Blaze backed up, Astrid's head slid off his blood caked teeth and tongue, as well as bits of her flesh and bone, when he mangled head fell on the grass with a splat, I inhaled sharply at spat on the head. "Blood for blood. Your debt is paid." Turning to Gunhild, Frodo, Haesten, Aslaug and Hild, I nod at them and simply say.

"Lets finish this."

(Normal pov)

Stoick watched in horror as his fellow allies and warriors were all but wiped out by his wife's dragons, though handfuls of the best Vikings amongst them remained, they all rallied to Stoick for a final stand and a last ditch effort possible look for a way to survive the bloodbath. But before we could even think about running any further, I was then struck by a fire ball directly in the chest, hurling me back several feet and I groaned in sheer agony as the fire burned away my flesh, muscle, bone and spirit.

Looking up, I could see Valka's dragon was my attacker and the dragons maw steamed out smoke, my wife then slid off her dragon and the drew a sword strapped to her belt and approached me. Shaking my head in disbelief at this, I slowly retreated as I remembered Sigurd the Wise's words enter my mind.

"Stoick the Vast himself? He will meet his end by... someone he once believed to have perished by dragons."

The Hooligan chieftain tried speaking, but the three inch hole in his chest made it almost impossible and caused the man to cry out in agony. When Valka stood above Stoick, the man managed to merely wheeze out. "V-Val..." Stoick then reached his hand out for his wife, but instead of taking it, Valka swatted the hand away and plunged the sword she wielded into Stoick's abdomen, causing blood to seep out of the mans mouth and the Hooligan chieftain cried out in agony as Valka twisted the blade inside his abdomen.

"For your actions? You must pay with your life." Valka said as she then dislodged the sword out of her husbands abdomen and then left Stoick to bleed out. The man himself felt tears of regret and sorrow flow down his cheeks as he tried reaching out for his wife one last time. "V-Valka..." But he ultimately succumbed to his wounds and fell back, dead.

Whilst Valka's dragon swarm had completely surrounded what was

left of the Hairy Hooligan, Stone-head, Bog and Meathead Vikings since the Thunderhead and Tree-root forces were currently being ripped to pieces by Hiccup's own dragon swarms. Hiccup himself approached those of the highest ranking amongst the six Viking tribes. Spitelout and Gobber were all that stood for the Hairy Hooligans, Ivar the Witless stood alone, Big Boobied Bertha for the Bogs, Mogadon for the Meatheads.

"Traitor!" Spitelout snarled out as he spat on Hiccup's boots, the young Danish king turned to his uncle and slit his throat open with Inferno, causing blood to spray out of the elder Jorgensons neck and then fall face first into the ground. Hiccup then approached Gobber and shook his head at his old blacksmith teacher. "Why would you return here Gobber? You were safe and far from my wrath." Gobber nodded at his former apprentices words and replied. "I came back to try and steer you away from this path. Please lad, its not too late." Hiccup turned away from Gobber before replying to his words. "Berk... needs to pay for what it did to me. If you get in my way? I will kill you too."

"Lad please—"

"NO!!" Hiccup roared out before driving Inferno straight through Gobber's gut, causing the veteran Viking to cry out in agony as his insides were being burned into a crisp. As Gobber fell to his knees, Hiccup caught him and gently laid him down on the grass before murmuring. "I didn't want to kill Gobber. But I made an oath to the gods that I will kill all who have wronged me. I can't turn back now." Hiccup said as he dislodged Inferno out of his former friends gut and watched the life fade from his eyes.

Turning back around to Bertha and Mogadon, I could see them accepting their fate, so turning to my warriors, Hiccup nodded at them and they made quick work of the two chieftains. Approaching Gunhild and my other allies, Hiccup embraced his love and kissed her forehead before looking back towards the sea. "Its time to annihilate Berk." The young king then whistled for Blaze and within seconds, he's by Hiccup's side, so climbing on his dragons back, Hiccup turn to Gunhild and the other Danish rulers and give them orders. "Have the fleet follow me as we go to Berk." Gunhild turned to the other rulers and nodded at them, they all mounted their

bonded Fury's and returned to their ships to make preparations to sail to Berk.

Valka and her dragon landed near Hiccup and blaze, the feral dragon lady then cocked her head at her son. "What are you going to do son?" Hiccup turned to her and answered. "Something I've dreamed of doing for five years." Cupping his hands around his mouth, Hiccup gave a dragon call and within seconds, the Hydra emerged and the sight caused Valka's mouth to gape open in shock, awe and wonder. "Mother, this is the Black Danes dragon alpha—the Hydra." Hiccup said with pride, as the five headed dragon lowered its heads towards Hiccup and purred softly.

::WE AWAIT YOUR COMMAND HICCUP HADDOCK III::

Hiccup extended his hand out and the nearest Hydra head leaned in and pressed its snout into Hiccup's palm. "We move out and destroy the Hairy Hooligans. They not only wronged me, but they killed tens and thousands of your fellow dragons for *sport*." Hiccup spat out with disgust and causing the Hydra's rage to grow. "Let us be on our way." Hiccup said before turning to Valka. "Do you have it?" He asked, Valka then showed her son the head of Stoick the Vast and Hiccup nodded before patting Blaze's neck.

"We go!!"

Chapter 20: Vengeance is claimed

(Normal pov)

As nightfall fell on Norway, only handfuls of warriors remained on Berk to defend it if their chief and their allies failed to push Hiccup back. Fishlegs Ingerman, along with some of the warriors patrolling the streets of Berk looked out toward the horizon and could see a massive form in the sky head straight for the two statues in the water.

"What in Odin's name is that?" Fishlegs murmured to himself while warriors too were trying to figure out what it was. Squinting their eyes to try and get a better look at the object, Fishlegs and the warriors eyes suddenly widened in horror as the two statues were sliced in half and came crashing down in the icy waters, and the object they were desperately trying to get a look at came into view when the object illumined itself in magma like light.

"Thor's hammer." Fishlegs said as the object revealed itself to be a dragon the likes of which he has never seen before in his life.

The warriors and Fishlegs could only stare in horror at the sight of a five headed dragon and it then unleashed a thunderous roar that caused them to cover their ears and the roar awoke the whole of Berk. As the Hairy Hooligans all rushed outside to see what was going on, they were all horrified at the sight of the Hydra and as it bared its teeth at them while still flapping its massive wings. Then the sight of a Night Fury came into view and with Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III himself riding on the beast, before the Hooligans could curse the traitor, Hiccup produced the head of Stoick the Vast and roared out.

"Your chief is dead!!"

He then hurled the head towards the village and it landed at the

feet of the Hairy Hooligans who were all dumbstruck. Their chief was?! It wasn't possible. Stoick was the greatest warrior of them all and he fell at the hands of his traitorous spawn?!

"No one can protect you now!" Hiccup roared out again as he produced Inferno and then pointed it down towards the whole of Berk, the Hydra then inhaled sharply and then unleashed hell like flames down upon Berks inhabitants. Fishlegs had received his answer. Nobody would be spared, so he closed his eyes and accepted his fate. The Hairy Hooligans couldn't react in time as they were completely vaporized by the intensity of the heat and heat wave itself.

Screams of horror filled the air and they all sent waves of ecstasy crashing down on Hiccup. This... place and its people have taken away his innocence, deprived him of love, respect and acknowledgement. And now? Hiccup himself felt like a god himself as he watched the Hydra's fire continued to exterminate the village of Berk.

As the fire began engulfing everyone and everything in its path, Hiccup then turned to Valka and her dragon— Cloudjumper and nodded at his mother, she nodded back at her son and then gave a dragon call of her own. Out of the depths of the ocean, the Bewilderbeast rose and gave a mighty roar for a species of dragon called World-Eaters to dig below Berk and ultimately sink the island. The World-Eaters resembled a Whispering Death, only these dragons favored water rather than land, they could survive without water, but they just preferred the seas.

Soon, hundreds upon hundreds of World-Eaters burst out of the burning village of Berk and then dive bombed back into the water and to repeat the process over and over again until Berk began sinking. After ten minutes of eating the earth below Berk and burst out of it? The World-Eaters successfully completed their task and sunk Berk to the bottom of the sea until there was nothing left but debris, pieces of earth floating in the water and charred human remains.

"It is done. Berk is destroyed and with its destruction? I have claimed my vengeance." Hiccup said, he then turned to the Hydra

and bowed his head in thanks to the five headed alpha, the Hydra nodded in acknowledgment to Hiccup and then the five headed dragons voice entered the young kings mind.

::THE REST OF YOUR FOLLOWERS ARRIVE HICCUP HADDOCK::

Turning around, Hiccup could see his the rest of the Black Dane fleet approaching, so, turning to his mother, Hiccup raised his eyebrows at her. "Will you and your dragon swarm join the Black Danes? Will you join me?" He asked hopefully, Valka smiled warmly at her son and answered him. "I will never leave you again Hiccup. I will stand by your side until I die." Her words brought a smile to Hiccup's lips and he nodded in thanks before urging Blaze to return to the Black Dane fleet.

(Hiccup's pov)

Upon landing on the Fury Rider, roars of triumph from both Danes and dragon filled my ears and I couldn't react fast enough when Gunhild crashed into my chest and embraced me with all her might, I chuckled and returned her embrace before murmuring into her ear. "Its done. Berk is no more." Gunhild pulled away and kiss me, I returned her kiss and I have never felt such joy in all my life.

Breaking off Gunhild's sweet lips, I watched as Valka and Cloudjumper landed on the deck of my ship and I helped my mother off her dragon before turning to my fellow rulers and warriors. "This is Valka. She's my mother and she has sworn to pledge herself and her dragons to the Black Danes!!" Another wave of roars filled the air as I embraced my mother and she immediately returned it. "This means everything to me." I whispered in my mothers ear, causing her to embrace me tighter and she whispered back. "I meant what I said son, I will never leave you again." Her words made me choked up and I embraced her tighter.

Finally, when we broke apart, Gunhild smirked at me and asked. "So, what now my love?" Everyone then began to join her and questioned me.

"Aye, what is our next move?"

"Do we return to Paris?"

"Shall we raid?"

Returning Gunhild's smirk and nodding at Frodo, Haesten, Aslaug and Hild, I look out towards the horizon and then back around and answered my followers questions.

"Now? Now we conquer the world."

A/N: And that wraps up Fury Rider! I hope y'all enjoyed it. So the next story is gonna be A Dragon Rider's Heart, but first I'm going to take a break and catch my breath. As always, I hope you enjoyed the book and I'll see you in the next one.